

THE AURORA.

FEBRUARY 1, 1858.

HOME SCENES.

BY E. M. E.

EMMA CLIFFORD was an only daughter. Gifted in intellect, and lovely in disposition, she was the pride and joy of her doting parents, and the idol of the social circle in which she moved. Surrounded, from the first dawn of existence, by an atmosphere of affection, and shielded by loving hearts, who would not permit "the winds of Heaven to visit her too roughly," she grew up to womanhood, happy and light-hearted as the gay birds that carol in the merry spring-time. When her countenance was in repose, a casual observer would not have pronounced her beautiful, but when animated in conversation, a soul-light of intense brilliancy irradiated her face, imparting to it a beauty far above that of mere form and color, a beauty which "time's effacing fingers" have no power to mar, a beauty which can fade only when the light of the soul grows dim, by the blighting of its most cherished hopes, and the crushing of its most sacred affections. Emma Clifford had higher objects and aims in life. She had early consecrated herself to the service of the Redeemer, and resolved, if life were spared to live to some purpose. To be a butterfly, flitting about in the sunshine of fashion, studying personal adornment, and seeking only amusement and ad-

miration, formed no part of her conception of woman's highest happiness. She had enjoyed superior advantages for mental cultivation, and these had been carefully improved, under a consciousness of responsibility to Him who will call every rational being to account for the use they have made of the talents committed to their charge. How will the spoiled children of fashion and folly answer when called to render this account? Alas! how will they.

At the age of nineteen, Emma became acquainted with Charles Huntley. He was a graduate of ——— University, a young man of fine personal appearance, pleasing address, and more than ordinary talents. His life was irreproachable, but he was restrained from vicious indulgences, not because he had the fear of God before his eyes, but because he was ambitious, and he knew full well that no reputation can be permanent, that has not its foundation in external morality. To convince the world that Charles Huntley is a great man, was the end and aim of all his exertions. In short, he was a thoroughly selfish character, whose highest motive of action was love of approbation. Charles admired Emma, and stimulated by pride to win one whom others regarded as the most gifted of

her sex, he became unremitting in his devotions to her. Carefully concealing the unlovely traits of his character, he strove in every possible way to make himself agreeable to her, and to render his society essential to her happiness.

Woman's heart is ever won by attention, and so was Emma's. Believing him to be possessed of every generous and noble quality, she loved him with all the depth and tenderness of her enthusiastic nature; and when he asked her to become his bride, with the most perfect confidence that she would find in his affection, ample compensation for all she would resign for his sake, she did not hesitate to consent to leave her childhood's happy home, and the friends whose love had encircled her from earliest infancy, for a home among strangers in a distant State.

How beautiful is this faith in woman! With what implicit trust does she confide her all of earthly happiness to another's keeping! How readily does she forsake the tried love of years, and the many who have studied her welfare, and cherished her with the most disinterested affection, that she may cleave to one who is comparatively a stranger. O! how brutal, how unworthy the name of man is he who can prove unfaithful to this sacred trust, who can treat with indifference and neglect, the woman who has confidingly placed herself in his power, and who looks to him as her only source of earthly enjoyment.

How queenly! how angelic! were the involuntary exclamations, as Emma entered the brilliantly lighted parlor of her father's residence on the night of her marriage, her long bridal veil partially concealing a face radiant with hope and happiness. Charles was conscious of the admiration she excited, and he felt proud of the triumph he had achieved in winning a treasure of which others envied him the possession.

That she, whose praise was on every tongue, should prefer him to all others, was evidence of his own superiority, extremely gratifying to his vanity. A few weeks found Emma many hundred miles distant from her paternal abode, quietly settled in her own home. What though the cold and curious gaze of strangers had taken the place of the fond recognition with which familiar faces had been wont to greet her? Would she not be amply repaid for all this, by the affectionate attentions of the man who had won her trusting heart, and for whose sake she had gladly left all else that was dear to her on earth?

Alas! poor Emma, bitter indeed is the cup of disappointment from which thou art compelled to drink. The devotion with which Charles treated her before marriage, having accomplished its object, was now entirely laid aside. His protestations of undying love were not repeated, either in word or act. In his treatment of her he could even dispense with those common civilities, which the most indifferent stranger would have shown her. When the conviction first forced itself upon her mind, that he cared nought for her, farther than she could minister to his own selfish gratification, she strove to resist it. "Perhaps," she soliloquized, "I am unreasonable in my expectations. I would not do Charles injustice for the world. He is deeply absorbed in his business, and probably unconscious of his manner. And yet, if he regarded my happiness, how easy it would be for him to secure it. Only occasionally a word or look, to assure me that I am dear to him, is all I ask. On leaving me for the day, if he would but imprint a kiss upon my brow, and say one kind word at parting, it would take but a moment of his time, and it would render me happy all day long. If on his return at night he would manifest a little interest in my welfare, if he would only make a few kind

enquiries, and say a few pleasant words, I could then be content to sit silently by his side, while he pursues his studies, or reads for his own gratification. But no, he hurries away in the morning, without casting one look of fond regret behind. He enters the room, after a day's absence, with averted eyes, and uttering not a word, seats himself to silent reading, noticing me no more than if I were some inanimate fixture about the room, whose absence might indeed be remarked, but whose presence awakens no interest. If I venture to ask a question, or make a remark, I am made to feel that it is an interruption and an annoyance. I am shut out from human sympathy and companionship. My poor aching heart will burst. What shall I do? What shall I do?" And Emma here buried her face in her hands, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. Just at that moment her husband entered the room. "How now, Mrs. Huntley, what are you crying about?" said he, in a voice anything but soothing. Emma sobbed violently, but said nothing. "I insist," said he sternly, "upon knowing the cause of those tears." Struggling to repress her emotions, Emma said, "My dear Charles, I have had less of your society of late than my heart craves, and in consequence, I feel lonely and sad." "Ah! that is it, you are dissatisfied with me," said he, angrily. "Well, if you think this is the way to make yourself agreeable to me, I can only tell you, you are very much mistaken. Complaining for want of attention, is not the way to get attention from me, I assure you." "What have I said, my dearest Charles, that you call complaining? I only told you truthfully what you insisted upon knowing." "To sit here snivelling in this way, is the most disagreeable sort of complaining. You must be aware, Mrs. Huntley, that you have been less lively and entertaining of late than formerly, and hence it is your

own fault, if I take less interest in your society." O! with what leaden weight did these cruel words fall upon the crushed and bleeding heart of poor Emma. She knew full well that, if he had possessed one particle of true affection for her, he would have been pained to see her grieve, however unreasonable he might have regarded the cause of her grief. He would have wiped away her tears with a gentle hand, and soothed her with the tones of tenderness. But no, he was angry with her because she wept, and reproached her for the sadness his own neglect had occasioned.

She was now fully aware of the painful position she occupied. She had bestowed her heart's purest affections upon one who appreciated not the gift. At the commencement of life's voyage she had made shipwreck of earthly hope and happiness. She entered her closet, and most fervently did she pray to her Heavenly Father, for strength to bear with patience and resignation, the sorest trial that ever falls to woman's lot. Apparently calm and self-possessed, she returned to the duties of her household, but the iron of unrequited affection had pierced her vitals, and the shock was too great for her sensitive nature. She was indeed a flower of rare loveliness, but she could not yield her fragrance in an uncongenial soil. She had a soul attuned to nature's sweetest harmonies, but, struck by a rude, unskillful hand, its strings were broken and its music hushed. The light faded from her eyes, her steps became feeble and languid, and Emma felt that she was really ill. But Charles did not notice the increasing paleness of the unloved cheek, and when she told him she was ill, he only made some crusty remarks about the degeneracy of modern females, who ruin their constitutions by their own folly.

How different was his manner towards her, from that of the friends she had left,

in her far distant home, whose watchful tenderness was ever ready to take the alarm at the slightest appearance of indisposition in one so beloved. What would she not have given for the privilege of throwing herself in her mother's arms, and weeping upon her bosom. But that mother was far away, and she would not pain her by a knowledge of her own unhappiness. She would bear her great sorrow alone, until it should please her Father in Heaven to grant her rest and peace in the grave. It was not long. The pitying angels hovered near, and waited to bear her spirit to the skies. Emma became a mother, but no sooner was the new life ushered into being, than she felt that her own was fast ebbing away. For months the silver cord had been loosening, and the golden bowl breaking, in consequence of her mental sufferings, and now she had too frail a hold on life, to pass safely through this crisis.

Her husband stood beside her as the death damps gathered over her pallid brow. "Charles," said she, "let me speak one word to you while I am able. May God forgive you, as I do, for crushing a heart that loved and confided in you. I crave for my child, should she survive, a tenderness you have never felt for her unfortunate mother. To me death is welcome. I have a hope full of immortality. O! Charles, train our child for Heaven, and prepare to join us there." A slight spasm passed over her frame, and all was still. The earth-weary spirit had found repose in the bosom of its Redeemer.

And what of Charles? Did no compunctious feelings arise in his breast, as he gazed upon the lifeless form before him? Alas! we know not. He was a cold and selfish man, excessively vain of his personal and mental advantages; and in the plenitude of his self-complacency, he doubtless, came to the conclusion, that if his wife had been unhappy, it was not his

fault. True, he had never expended a moment's thought, or put forth the slightest exertion to make her happy, but had she not been honored by his preference, and enjoyed the privilege of wearing his name? And was not that happiness enough for any reasonable woman? Of course it was. If his wife had been unhappy, it was because she was morbidly sensitive, and unreasonably exacting in her disposition. He had never interfered with any of her plans for enjoyment. He had *only neglected* her.

For the Aurora.

"THERE'S LIGHT FOR US ABOVE."

BY OLLIE ORVILLE.

It was Christmas Eve in the city of New York. Night was fast throwing her sable mantle over the earth, and binding in the chains of slumber many a world-weary mortal. It was a fearful night, with the fierce cutting December wind, the blackening, lowering heavens, and the driving snow. Old king winter was rejoicing that night, and his cheerless servants were out making merry in his honor. But notwithstanding the fierce conflict of the warring elements, many were breasting the storm in pursuit of pleasure. The vast palaces of the wealthy were splendidly lighted with the soft mellow light of the Christmas tapers, and merry feet were dancing around the gorgeous Christmas trees. But in the dark, small alleys of the poor there was no rejoicing—all was silent save where some drunken reveller awoke the quiet echoes with his hideous blasphemies. They realized not the joy of the affluent on the birth-night of the Savior, only a more bitter feeling arose in their breast against the God, the anniversary of whose advent, in this sin-stained earth, was welcomed so joyously, because in the gracious dispensations of his Providence, he had deprived them of blessings so lavishly bestowed on others. Not so, however, was it with the inmates of a hovel, the most abject of all—with simple child-like faith they relied on his goodness, trusted in his mercy, and believed

his gracious promises. No light shone there, all was dark and silent as the tomb, save an occasional half groan, which told of intense and mortal suffering. That sufferer was a young boy, o'er whose bright head but eleven summers had shed their fragrance, yet so young he was called to die. Emaciated with sickness, he was scarce a shadow of his former self, and in his bright eye was the signet of the death angel already set. With clasped hands and bowed head his mother knelt by his side, and wildly and frantically she sent up her appeal to Heaven to spare her child—if 'twere but till morning, that she might gaze once more on his loved features. If he would be left her only till morning, that once more she might behold him. She thought of all her earthly possessions to ascertain whether she could purchase one lamp—but she saw nothing of value. The roof was but a sieve for snow to fall through. The walls afforded no shelter from the keen blast—the furniture was scanty and dilapidated—the straw pallet was not raised from the floor, and the damp increased his dry cough, till his slight frame shook underneath it, and all within the smoke-begrimmed walls, whispered out upon that cheerless night, of the abject poverty of its inmates. The woman sat buried in thought, and for a moment forgot even her dying child, as memory carried her back to the days of her youth—and she was lost in a revery of the pleasant remembrances of her by-gone days. Far in the distance she saw a splendid mansion, lighted brilliantly, where she had spent her childhood, bright as a summer's day. In years gone by, she had sported merrily beneath those gorgeous curtains, or roamed at will in the vast conservatory, among the sparkling fountains, and the golden fruit of sunnier climes. She thought too of her older years, when young gay and beautiful, she had frittered away the golden hours of life in the enjoyments of the young. In that drawing room was gathered a merry throng, ushering in the day with dance and song and festive mirth, unheeding the wild storm without, or the misery of the wretched poor. With a sigh she turned away, and contrasted her present condition with the past. How came she so reduced?

Her's is the old story of hundreds,

and 'twill be of hundreds more, e'er the worm of the still, is bereft of his fangs; e'er man awakes to the duty he owes his feeble fellow-man; e'er that prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil" is fulfilled, and man no longer tempts his brother: e'er the reign of king alcohol is abolished; e'er the drunkard is FREE! She had married one of nature's noblemen, with a mind of the highest grade—with genius more than falls to the lot of the body of Adam's sons—and for years she was a happy bride; but at length, the demon of intemperance entered her home, and transformed the loving husband and affectionate father into a brute. The widow's husband drank—their property melted like the snow—one by one had their children been laid in the tomb till her youngest, her boy alone was left. At last her husband found a dishonored grave, and save her child, she had been left alone. For years she had toiled on, she, the petted child of affluence, gaining merely for her nights of labor a scanty subsistence for herself and boy—all her hopes were placed on him—he was his mother's only child, and she a widow, and already had he given promise of future greatness, when death had claimed him for his own—yet the widow repined not—humbly she submitted to the stroke, and kissed the rod which gave it.

"Mother," exclaimed a low, musical voice, "where are you?" "Here, darling, do you wish for anything?" "O mother, I wish I could see you once more before I go—if we only had a candle—but mother do not weep," he added, as he felt her warm tears on his cold cheek, "God knows best, in Heaven I shall be sick no more—and his body was distorted with anguish. After a pause he exclaimed, "I had such a glorious dream. I thought we died, and the angels conveyed us to heaven—it was light there, and so beautiful—with such green trees, such bright rivers—we were so happy! like you used to read to me in the Bible before," and his voice trembled—"before we became so poor—mother, there's light there." For a moment he lay exhausted—then came a fearful struggle—and as it ceased, he exclaimed, "There's light for us above." Once more nature battled with the king of terrors—'twas her final struggle, and she was conquered—for a moment he lay quiet

and then—he was dead! “the silver cord loosened, and the golden bowl broken.” O, who would not have rejoiced to have gone with him up the hill to the Celestial City, into the presence of Him who created the heavens and the earth and the sea, and all that in them is—to have wandered with him upon the banks of the river of life, which flows from under the great white throne—and above all, to have daily intercourse and sweet communion with the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of world. A moment more his mother sat holding his lifeless clay, then carefully laid it on its coarse straw pallet, and kneeling beside it prayed that she too might be taken. See! her prayer is answered—the warm life-blood gushes from her pallid lips, and she has gone to join her son. There was a lull in the storm as the angels bore her freed spirit to Him who gave it—then it burst forth with renewed violence as it chanted a mournful requiem. Dance on, gay, light-hearted creatures, dance on, they need not your aid now, they are happy. Once joyous and happy as you, the widow dreamed not of the trials awaiting her, and who can tell but what, in after years, by the changes of life, and the vicissitudes of fortune, you too may become as poor—may die as friendless, aye, more so, for she had a true and gracious Friend—a glorious one, who gave her assistance in crossing the dreaded Jordan—such as no one else could have bestowed.

“There's light for us above.” How true—light, pure, bright and hallowed, such as the inhabitants of this world wot not of—the light of God's approving countenance—light, not like the faint beams of an earthly lamp—so easily and quickly extinguished—not as our sun, whose face is oft obscured in thick clouds, but light, clear, unobscured and eternal as its fountain head, the great I AM.

EPIGRAM.

Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty.
Walk by the first and thou shalt see
The other ever fellow thee.

THE WIND AND THE STREAM.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

We copy the following beautiful little poem from the December number of the Atlantic Monthly, just published.

A brook came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung around
The borders of that winding stream—
A pretty stream, a placid stream,
A softly gliding, bashful stream.

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream;
He put the o'erhanging grasses by,
And gaily stooped to kiss the stream,—
The pretty stream, the flattered stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant stream.

The water, as the wind passed o'er,
Shot upward many a glancing gleam,
Dimpled and quivered more and more,
And tripped along a livelier stream,—
The flattered stream, the simpering stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

Away the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left alone that little stream—
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

That careless wind no more came back;
He wanders yet the fields, I deem;
But on its melancholy track,
Complaining went that little stream—
The cheated stream, the hopeless stream,
The ever murmuring, moaning stream.

MISERIES OF A MILLIONAIRE.

THERE is a curious story about the late Mr. Morrison, who recently died in England worth four millions of money. It is said that during the last two years of his life he was the victim of a singular mental hallucination, imagining that he was in the utmost poverty, and that but by daily labor could he get daily bread. His friends accordingly used to place a spade in his hands, and send him to work for a short time in the garden, paying him weekly wages of a few shillings, and in this way alone would he be quieted.

THE BALANCE OF TRUTH.

BY INDA.

THE old hermit sat musing. Far from the haunts of men, surrounded by nature in all her wild luxuriance was he. He had left his fellows to forget the vanities and frivolities of the human kind, yet now he thought of the philosophy of the actions of men and pondered their doings. He endeavored to separate the valuable from the useless, and test by truth the things he remembered to have seen among men. But he was conscious of failure, the right seemed not perfect, as it should be, nor the wrong as heinous. Then, in the bitterness of his spirit, he exclaimed: "How can things be truthfully weighed, their real and comparative value found?" A light greater than that of the stray sunbeams which came through the thick canopy of leaves and played on his snow-white forehead a moment before, shone o'er him, and he turned inquiringly to see whence it proceeded, when to his astonishment he found himself facing an angel. A fragment of the golden cloud-chariot, on which he had descended to earth, still lingered around his feet, and o'er his brow played remains of the reflected refulgence of the great white throne. With amazement the old man viewed his heavenly visitant, but soon the angel was for a moment forgotten in admiration of the instrument she held in her hand. Mortal eyes had never before been favored with a view of it, and well might the hermit be stupified with wonder. Far above the noon-day radiance of the sun, it shone with a clear mellow, yet exceeding brilliancy, and the hermit shaded his eyes with his hand, as he gazed upon it. The angel broke the silence, and in a sweet voice, in which the morning stars once sang together, said: "You desired means to obtain a true estimate of human things, behold!" and he held toward him the instrument, "you have your wish, by this 'Balance of Truth,' the real and comparative value of things corporal and spiritual may be found. By it you can weigh not only material things, but the thoughts, actions and motives of men; their dispositions and temperaments, and find the moral worth, the value in the sight of God,

possessed by earthly things, no matter what the opinion of men concerning them." The hermit musingly took the scales, carefully placed them before him, and cast about with his mind's eye to see what would be the first weighed object. He remembered, in days long past, when he mingled in the busy scenes of life to have observed a warrior, flattered, caressed and applauded by the whole nation, idolized by his victorious legions. He had also seen one whose mind was clouded, who was deprived of reason and accountability by the mysterious dispensation of a never-erring Providence, despised, contemned and neglected. Often had he wondered was this right, and now he resolved to decide. So he requested the angel to place in the scale, a fair representative of each class. The angel complied. By his superhuman power they were brought, the hermit knew not whither, and placed in one scale a proud warrior, with the laurels of many a hard-earned field, where hundreds had slept the sleep of death, on his brow; the pride of the whole nation, who almost worshipped him, as the one who had made their arms feared, their name respected among the nations of the earth, and in the other a mindless idiot, who had never spoken a word to his fellows, who seemed in all but form, a brute. Stupified with wonder was the old man, when he saw the idiot over-balance the renowned and feared warrior. Fearful of mistake, he changed their places, but still the same result was obtained. Amazed he glanced up and said: "How is this? Even though the influence for good of the one be small, still tis surely more than that of the other, for what influence can an idiot have?" The angel smiled as he answered, "You speak as a man. Had the idiot no influence whatever, still the amount of good accomplished by him was greater than that of the other. For the one exerted his for evil, hundreds has he hurried unprepared into the presence of their Maker, to give an account of their deeds and prove by sad experience the woes of the eternity of the wicked. Thus has his influence been for evil. Then would that of the other have been superior, had he never had any. But God never created any being to pass quietly along, and have no influence on the lives, characters, or actions of his fellows; either for good

or evil their power must be exerted, they cannot pass quietly down the stream of life into the ocean of eternity, and have made no impression on its turbid waters. But the idiot did do good, and more than that, he did all the good of which his nature was capable; for many dissatisfied with their lot, murmuring against the good providence of God, when they have seen their neighbors superior to them, have remarked him, deprived of the countless blessings they enjoyed, have learned to bow submissive to the will of their Maker, and returned thanks for his favors." The hermit was silent. Coming directly across his belief as it did, he was compelled to acknowledge its truth. A butterfly, gay, light and beautiful, flitted over the scales and rested a moment upon it. About to drive it thence with an impatient wave of the hand, he was staid by the angel, who exclaimed: "Hold! Let us weigh it, and with it, what, in the days of your youth you regarded, doubtless, as very valuable." And as he spoke, he placed in the scales a ball-room belle, beflounced, becurled and perfumed, with an indefinite amount of fuss and feathers. The amazement of the hermit was great, to see a human being placed in the scale with an insect. But if it was great then, it was overpowering when he saw the scale containing the light insect far outweigh the showy compound in the other. "Surely," exclaimed he, "this cannot be the 'Balance of Truth,' for however that quality, lighter than air, vanity, may enter into the composition of the one, though both are simply butterflies, yet one has an immortal soul, and therefore should overbalance the other." "Tis the very reason she does not," was the reply, "she has a soul, a mind, and consequently is far more guilty because she improved them not. The insect was created a butterfly, and to be a butterfly, gay, light and versatile as the changing wind is her mission, the purpose for which she was created, and in being one to the best of her ability, she fulfills her destiny, improves, as much as in her lies, her talents. But tis far otherwise with the other. An immortal mind, capable of performing noble deeds has been committed to her, but utterly has she disregarded it, neglected the great boon given, and assiduously endeavored to cultivate and preserve the casket rather than

the gem. Oh how *contemptible* is a human being who would, or could, care more for the outward appearance than the mind, be more desirous to be considered beautiful than learned, take credit to themselves for their regular, handsome features, thinking not that they deserve no praise or commendation for these, for thus were they created, while they would for a cultivated mind, which by labor they had improved. But the influence of that belle, small as it is, and should be, has been exerted for evil. How many has she learned to love excitement and dissipation, which lesson has proved their ruin. How many more, who, though not utterly ruined, led into the whirlpool of folly, if not wickedness, have had their usefulness blasted, whose influence in some trying hour, will be sadly needed. True she has injured none of the master minds who surrounded her, ah no, for they have been able to read her character, to see that "all's not gold that glitters," and to feel in their minds, contempt for one who could for such a purpose, degrade and dishonor her faculties. But she has had influence over some who may hereafter be needed by the nation, and how will she answer, when in want, her country shall demand of her her sons, and sternly reproach for their destruction. Say is not the butterfly of the most weight, unmixed as it is with vanity, so large an ingredient in the other?" As before, the old man bowed assent, he saw it all now, what appeared so dark and incomprehensible before. And the butterfly, as if conscious that its mission was accomplished, flew away, and the hermit awaited the movement of the angel to remove the other, but instead he placed in the scales the *figure* of a man—but the *countenance* of what? the old man queried to himself. At length, deep buried in a mass of hair he discerned some of the features of a man, and concluded that some unknown species of the human race—perhaps from the burning plains of the Hottentots—was before him. So he asked,

"And of what species pray, of the human kind is this a hopeful specimen?"

The angel smiled, but in a moment a shade of sadness stole over his radiant face as he answered,

"It would be hard to tell—formerly it was a

man in God's own image, but now, 'twould be degrading to the Deity to call him of his image, an insult to manhood to style him a man—tis a common dandy, a brainless fop!"

The hermit turned to see the effect, and they were balanced equally.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see the justice of this—both are equally far from fulfilling their destiny, both equally blame-worthy."

A sound proceeded from the scale—the two weighed beings were conversing, and the hermit listened. He heard for a while their chat—his lips gradually curling with contempt—so vapid, light, vain and idealess it was. Turning to the angel he exclaimed:

"I wonder no longer. I am astonished to see that either out-weigh the air of heaven; surely the reason cannot be they are so burdened with ideas."

"Then he placed them together, and by the mysterious power of his angelic will, the butterfly took again his old station, when the scales turned in his favor! The old man gazed a moment on the strange spectacle of one light insect overbalancing two immortal spirits, but he felt in his heart the "Balance of Truth" lied not, and in the bitterness of his spirit he exclaimed:

"If this be the value of the human kind, let me forget that I am a man, that any one of the race to which I belong, can be so utterly destitute of every noble quality!"

A moment they remained thus, then suddenly disappeared, back to the stations from whence they had come, back to their career of folly, to finish their aimless life; and finally, to meet their reward.

Then the hermit asked, "And what next," when the angel placed in the scale a jewel far brighter than any gem which ever graced the regal brow of monarchs, and he wondered; it seemed a fragment of the great white throne:

"Surely" thought he, "tis some heavenly brilliant, earth never produced it or its equal." Then he asked, "What gem is that?"

"Tis the jewel of human kindness," was the reply, "the compassion that man feels for his suffering fellow-man, and now see what you can obtain to balance it, will you try?"

The hermit was silent; he knew the vast

value and weight of that, man's one redeeming quality, and he felt all unequal to the task, but resolved to test it in some measure. He placed in the scale the jewel of benevolence, of almsgiving, handed him, at his request, by the angel, but scarcely had it reached the place ere it arose, up-borne by the superior excellency of the other. Once more the hermit glanced up, doubtingly, and to his mute query he replied:

"Aye, tis even so, pity spoken from the heart is more valuable than almsgiving, the receiver prizes it more; for the human heart seems to desire companionship, and sympathy and love is what it values more than the mere gift of dollars and cents."

Then as the representative of the world, he placed there riches, fame, eloquence, wit and beauty, but sympathy, which binds men's soul in gentleness together, was more to be desired than they all.

In despair he asked, "Is this the most valuable of all earthly things? Is there nothing on the whole surface of the globe to equal it?"

A moment more, and the scale containing the jewel of human kindness arose, for in the other was placed "True Wisdom."

"Then," the hermit exclaimed, "enough, but oh, why has not man this balance, that he too may know the real merit of things, and no longer be deceived by false glare and glitter?"

"Formerly he possessed it in all its present beauty, but when his mind warped by sin would follow it no longer, God removed it to its native heaven, but in its stead, placed in his heart that by which still he might decide, would he but follow its promptings. And this heavenly "Balance of Truth," might well be styled the more perfect "Balance of Reason and Conscience."

Of disunion, the celebrated Fisher Ames once said: "I wish it was part of the catechism to teach youth that it cannot be. An Englishman thinks he can beat two Frenchmen. I wish to have every American think the Union so indissoluble and integral, that corn would not grow, nor the pot boil, if it should be broken."

NARRATIVE OF A POOR SEAMSTRESS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY M. A. DENISON.

PART II.

After my father's death I went back to Mrs. Coldwater. For a few weeks she was a little softened towards me, and several times gave me warm tea. I sewed very hard for her, frequently sitting up till ten o'clock in the evening, and my eyes never strong, began to feel the abuse of their powers, and grew red and inflamed. When they were very painful, Mrs. Coldwater allowed me to finish my work by dark, and sometimes gave me permission to go round and see my little sister.

How thankful I used to feel when I saw the pretty creature taken such good care of. The woman with whom she lived was very kind to her, and very proud of her beauty. She had real beauty. I do not think I have ever seen quite as handsome a child. Her eyes were the deepest, brightest blue, and her face and lips full of dimples. Her hair hung in full, round curls about the whitest and most polished temples. O! those nights of rest when she sat on my knee and laid her head on my bosom! and sometimes I sang her to sleep. I saw my brother more rarely. Poor child! he was a little, manly fellow, and would not tell me his troubles. I have since heard strange, cold stories of his master's severity and his own sufferings, but, thank God! that is past.

When I was fifteen, a nephew of Mrs. Coldwater sent her word that he should come and stop at her house. He was to board there and attend college in that vicinity. There was a great time when the news came. Mrs. Coldwater was an indefatigable house-cleaner, and although everything had been turned topsyturvy, she must needs go all over every room again. The chamber where "Johnny," as she called him, was to sleep, it was allotted to my taste to adorn. I was to arrange the curtains to the beds and windows, and make whatever alteration my judgment might deem best. There was a large mirror in the room, and I often passed it, feeling thankful that the drear monotony of the house was to be broken up, and that I should see somebody beside Mrs. Coldwater eternally sewing, and Mr. Coldwa-

ter eternally reading, I looked in it and wondered—me that had never had vanity before—how I should seem to the stranger.

It was not a beautiful face that gave me a grave glance back again. My childhood's promise had not been fulfilled, but I was not ugly. Constant sewing had bent my form a very little, and my cheeks had no color in them. My eyes were large and deeply shaded, and my forehead broad, and when I smiled there were deep dimples in my cheeks. My hair was light and straight, and would lay in no other way. I did wish, once or twice, that it curled like little Jenny's, but I forgot the wish a moment after. My eyes were well now, and not unhandsome.

The curtains were up and rosetted at the side. I thought those rosettes charming, and quite a triumph of genius. The curtains were a pale blue; and the bed hangings matched them. On the bureau lay a little Bible, and a pincushion that I had made. The floor was covered with a neat, small-figured carpet, the chairs were brown with painted backs, and altogether, I thought it was the prettiest room, especially as it fronted a square, that I had ever seen.

How I anticipated his coming! I counted every day, and at last every hour that intervened; I never was so happy as when Mrs. Coldwater would talk about him. I even dreamed of him.

"His mother," said Mrs. Coldwater, "was one of the prettiest creatures I ever laid eyes on; I wonder if Johnny will look like her?"

This was the night before he came. She little thought with what eagerness the shy girl at her side was listening.

"Yes, his mother was the belle of Charleston once, and many a time she's been toasted by the big bugs. She made out pretty well too; married a man worth money, only he would drink. By and by he dies and leaves her a handsome fortune. They live in great style I expect," rattled on the old lady, "got a house full of servants, and mercy knows what he wants to come to my plain home for, unless it's because his ma thinks it's best. And so it is; I shall watch the young man jest as if he was my son. He must be in every night by nine o'clock, or I shall be pretty sure to lock him out. Such young men are apt to be wild and dissolute, and I'm sure I never should forgive myself, if he contracted bad habits here."

The idea of a young man of Charleston, contracting bad habits in a New England town!

"Has he any sisters?" I asked.

"La! yes, and the most fashionable creatures you ever laid your eyes on. They jest do nothing but get up, eat and dress and be waited on. You see they're rich, and never have to work. Pity they didn't.

The next morning, after dreaming that John Newland and his sister came, and that John kept changing into his sister and his sister into John, I was up betimes looking out for the new arrival. At first I tried to be very busy out of sight. I would just look from the window when he came—for of course he would drive up in a carriage—and then I would not show myself except at meal-times. I knew it was very silly to keep looking in the glass, smoothing down my hair, and wondering what he would think of me, but for all that I didn't grow any wiser. Mrs. Coldwater was all excitement herself, or I should have received many a sharp reprimand for not doing more work. In truth I was sadly remiss, and very far from taking my usual pains.

Ten o'clock came, and still I sat in my little chamber, stitching, stitching. Presently, just after the clock was done striking, Mrs. Coldwater called me, and down I came my cheeks all flushed, thinking he was coming.

"Mary, take this carpet-bag up into the spare chamber," said the old lady in an ordinary tone.

I started, and the red grew deeper on my cheeks. A young man had just turned from the window, and now he looked steadily at me.

"No, no," he said, taking it up himself, "if the young lady will show me the way, I will carry my carpet-bag."

I was so confused, bewildered, that I am sure I acted queerly, but I had sense enough left to follow him up stairs, and point out his room.

"This is very pleasant," he said, standing for a moment on the threshold, "do you stay with my aunt? are you any relation of her's? She did not tell me."

"I am no relation," I replied, hurriedly. "She took me to bring up long ago, and—and I sew for her."

"Ah!" he said, with a smile so pleasant and sweet, though I am sure he must have thought me awkward.

I went back to my own room all in a tremor, very foolishly so, but then I could not seem to help it. I had never in all my life seen a really handsome man before. Not that his features were so remarkably perfect; but O! there was an expression in that face that I could not describe; no pen could do it justice; no painter's brush ever caught that look. No, no; such beauty is engraved only on the heart, there it smiles in eternal youth.

At dinner that day, and then at supper I saw him, and each time, that face made a stronger impression. In the week that he remained home, I think I lived one year of exquisite, unalloyed happiness, counting time as the angels do. Then he went over to the college, and I only saw him at his meals, and occasionally at evenings when he brought his books down, saying he was lonesome up stairs. Ah, what evenings! Sometimes as I looked up quite unconsciously, his large, dark eyes were glancing right towards me, and then I felt so strangely! Sometimes he said, "I wonder if Miss Mary will hear me to-night," and I would take the book; then he would laugh as I gazed forlornly at the mystic Greek characters, and I would venture to laugh too, and jest a little.

"Aunt, why don't you learn Mary to drink 'tea and coffee?" he asked one morning at breakfast.

"Because I think it isn't best for her," said Mrs. Coldwater; "God gave us but one drink, and I don't think man has improved on it."

"Ah! but aunt, aunt, you don't drink water."

"I am old," she answered.

"And being cold-water yourself, I suppose you think there is no need; but is it *that* that gives Miss Mary such a clear complexion?"

I blushed up to my temples. It was the first compliment I had ever received; and from such a source?

Alas! for my peace! from that moment I knew I loved him, and the knowledge made me grow shy and reserved. My heart beat at the sound of his voice; I even trembled if I was left alone with him.

One day I was singing to myself, as I worked in my own little chamber. The time came that I usually tidied up his room, and I imagined him gone. I always loved to sweep and dust that chamber, for at all times, it bore the impress of the neatness and good taste of its occupant. The towel was never flung upon the chair, or the floor, but laid neatly over the

pitcher. Soiled collars and cravats were never seen, nor papers lying carelessly about. Almost always, in the summer time, there would be roses in a tumbler, set on the bureau or the window seat.

I threw a thin gauze handkerchief over my hair, and went into his room: As I crossed the threshold, I sprang back again, for there sat John by the window. I murmured some excuse, and was retiring, when he said:

"I am not well to-day, or I should be over to the college. I have a bad headache; will you get me a glass of water, Mary?"

I hurried down stairs, and returned with the tumbler full to him.

He thanked me, and gave me a look that no man, no being had ever given me before. Then as he set the tumbler down, he said, "you were singing just now, Mary, what a sweet voice you have!"

"O, no!" I exclaimed, "I know nothing about singing."

He was silent a moment and I was going.

"Mary," he said; "what a shy girl you are! Here I have been at aunt Coldwater's six weeks, and you have hardly looked at me. Am I such a savage?"

"O, no!" I cried, "I—I am naturally very quiet;" and for the life of me I could say nothing else.

"Mary, we must be better friends;" he said, with his sweet smile. "Suppose we study together after this! Perhaps you would like that."

"O, indeed I would!" I exclaimed, forgetting my reserve. "I would endure any hardship, if I could only learn something at last."

"Would it then be a hardship to study with me?" he asked.

"O, such a pleasure!" I cried, unthinkingly, and then I felt as if I had made a very foolish speech. In my awkward way I turned to leave the room.

"Say to-morrow night!" he exclaimed.

"If you please;" was the reply, and I hurried to my own chamber, my thoughts confused.

Ere the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away,
Ere the silent evening close,
Your wearied eye in sweet repose,
'To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your first and latest care.

For the Aurora.

MY MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BY BURDINE.

MOTHER, I come to thee once more,
A blessing give thy child,
Who only asks, from out thy store,
A mother's love and smile.

That love hath often shed o'er me
Its spirit—pure and mild—
And filled a heart with ecstasy,
That beat, in sorrow, wild.

Thy love hath been a magic spell,
Thrown round a troubled heart,
And saved a soul that would have fell
Beneath the tempter's art.

Thy smile hath been a radiant beam
O'er every darkening ill,
A presence dear, that ever seemed
My angel mother still.

A mother's love will always last—
In memory freshly bloom—
In life 'twill shine through every blast,
And linger round the tomb.

And mother, on my memory's page,
That love I'll fondly trace,
Nor blighting time, nor chilling age,
Shall e'er that love efface.

Oh mother! ere I from thee go,
A blessing give thy child,
'Twill be my shield, in weal or woe,
And calm my spirit's wild.

Now mother, as I lowly bend,
O! breathe for me a prayer,
I know to heaven it will ascend
And be recorded there.

MURFREESBORO, TENN.

PRETTY FLATTERY:—Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis of Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your Majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking glass.

THORNS IN THE HEART.

Was she happy?

She sat gracefully before the mirror, and what a mirror it was! Reaching from the ceiling to the floor, the carving of the frame so dainty and golden!—the cherubs with tiny fingers, poising wreaths that glittered in the sunlight—all reflecting the gorgeous room with its tapestried carpets, its rosewood lounges, its hangings of splendid Tyrian purple—and she, the most beautiful mistress, was the owner of all. Her own genius on the stage had wrought this luxury, had furnished the chambers on either side with a prince-like profusion. Pictures, upon which she had expended lavish sums, adorned every niche—indeed, it were fruitless to attempt the portrayal of one tithe of the beauty above and below.

The woman bore herself with a regal air—one could not but wonder if she would not grace a throne. She was dressed with great care and taste. It was midsummer, and a drape of white gossamer fell around her noble form. Roses depended from her glowing curls, bracelets of hair and gold encircled her white arms, the most delicate laces adorned her bosom. Was she happy? Let a portrayal of the calls of compliment, charity and admiration answer for her.

A silver bell rang, and Maria, dressed almost as richly as her mistress, went out at a side door, and returned bearing a card upon a salver. The elegant woman took it, read the name saying:

"It is the Duke; I am at home."

Bowing obsequiously, a handsome man, past the prime of life, entered the room, and after the congratulations required by etiquette, took a seat near her.

"Madam is looking very brilliant to-day."

The lady bowed a grateful acknowledgment.

"Madam surpassed herself last night," continued the Duke, never removing his piercing eyes from her face; "she gave satisfaction to her numerous friends and admirers," he added, slightly emphasizing the word.

"I am very glad to have pleased," replied the woman, with a gratified smile; "it is not without effort that I succeed."

And then the conversation turned into another channel, but still in the same fulsome strain of adulation. Once, nay twice, the woman's dark eye flashed like fire, and the crimson mounted to her cheeks, while her haughty

gestures and quivering lip told that the man had carried his flatteries too far. Soon he arose to go—she bade him farewell in a cold, constrained manner, which he seemed not to notice—and she was left once more to herself. But not in the same easy attitude of grace did she fall, when the light screen placed at the entrance, shut on its hinges; moving restlessly to and fro with clasped hands, she bit her lips and murmured passionately to herself.

Again the silver bell rang, and this time Maria announced that a poor creature, bent almost double, wanted to see the great lady, and implored not to be denied.

"Madam will not give audience to *her*, of course," said the jewelled servant, turning up her pretty nose, "she is such a common body."

"Show her up," said the woman, muttering to herself, "I must see something that equals my own misery, or I cannot bear this burden."

The screen moved softly, so softly that it did not reach the ear of the anguished woman—but she started at a tremulous sound, and turning, there stood before her a woman whose face was stamped with want, and whose grey locks hung down under the faded bonnet that she wore. A red cloak of a very antique pattern, covered her thin, patched garments, and her shoes were torn with a long journey.

"O! madam, pardon that I come into this beautiful room, so soiled—so wretched!" she cried. "Why should poverty be forced upon the sight of one so blessed of heaven?"

"Hush, hush, good dame," said the woman, much agitated, "sorrow does not take up her abode only with poverty—what do you want of me?"

"Ah! madam, I am the most unhappy woman in the world. I was once rich, but now I have not bread enough to eat. My daughter married one who has been unfortunate—too sick to work, too proud to beg. We have six little mouths to feed, and they are all pale with hunger. Only this morning the last one came, and we have nothing to clothe it with, and nothing with which to nourish the mother. Our rent is due, and the hard landlord exacts every farthing. We cannot pay—we are to be turned homeless on the world."

Tears checked her further utterance; and her grey hairs shook with her sobs.

"And this you think is the greatest suffering you can bear," said the proud woman, gazing almost unmoved upon the poor creature.

"O! in all the world there is not so much misery as our house holds to-day!" said the old beggar with vehemence.

"Silence!" exclaimed the listener imperiously, bringing her foot with some force to the ground. The poor old creature started back in affright.

"Did you not tell me your child was married? Has she not a husband's love? Is she not rich—the treasure of a mother? one who will not scruple to walk ten miles through dust and heat to beg assistance for her? Tell me"—she asked again, her voice softening, "does her husband love her?"

"He would go to the world's end to save her from sorrow," replied the aged suppliant; but alas! he is bound to his bed."

"Then your daughter is a happy woman," replied the other, tears standing in her eyes; "I will give you money enough to keep you a year; and the end of that time call on me again."

The poor old mendicant stood in absolute bewilderment for a moment, then falling upon her knees, her withered arms outstretched, her streaming eyes lifted towards the sky, she called down blessings on the dear lady:—her cries to heaven were enough to melt a heart of stone—the listener was greatly moved; she trembled from head to foot, and begged her to go away.

Exhausted with the violence of her emotions, the woman sank again upon the lounge, and her obedient maid stood over her with a fan almost as ethereal as the wind itself. Though the latter had not been witness of the interview, she knew that some unusual emotion had depressed the spirit of her mistress.

"It is not pleasant to see such people," she said, soothingly.

"But I can do them good, Marie."

"Madam will be fatigued to-night."

"No," replied the mistress; "I need but one flash of jewelled arms, and I forget myself. Don't talk to me, I am weary."

"Madam will not see anybody?" said the maid, inquiringly, as the bell sounded once more.

"I don't know; tell me who it is."

"The daintiest little bit of a country maid," said the girl, returning, "with a face so sweet, I almost hope you will see her; but perhaps she will want my place," she added, with a roguish glance.

"Nonsense, Marie; ask her up, I am rested now."

Beautiful in her guilelessness was the slight young girl, who now entered. Her dress was of pure white, as clear, but far from being as rich as the one adorning the regal woman of whom she craved audience.

For some moments the elder woman gazed delightedly upon this vision of natural grace—so pure, so artless in every movement.

"What did you wish of me, my dear?"

The girl started; blushes covered her fair face; she cast her eyes down modestly, then raising them again, she said, "I saw you last night."

"Well, and what do you think of me?" asked the other, carelessly.

"I thought—O! I thought that to be so gifted and as great as you, I would sacrifice life itself, she cried, with strange passion.

"And perhaps honor!" said the woman bitterly, causing the young woman to start, and regard her more fixedly. "Who are you?" she continued, with that wonderful command of feature for which she was celebrated.

"My name is Alice Grahame; I am but a simple country girl, but I have studied a great deal," she replied, naively. "I think I have a talent for the stage," she continued, "I have recited many portions of Shakspeare's plays ever since I was ten years old, and now I am seventeen, O! madam, you have influence; your position is a great one—your name is as the stars; will you let me come where you are? I will begin ever so humbly—I will be the page to bear your train; I will be your servant; I will climb the ladder of fame from the lowest round; for an actress I must and will be!"

"Poor child, are you mad?"

The tone was so hollow, that the girl looked up in unfeigned astonishment.

"Are you mad?" repeated that strange voice; "where are your parents that you are thus unprotected?"

"My father is a clergyman, and I dared not let him know," replied the girl, in a sacred voice; "my mother is dead."

A cry of anguish escaped the pale lips of the star, as the girl thus spoke; her face was deadly white.

"My poor child," at last she said, drawing the girl to an ottoman at her feet, "you have unwittingly probed a festering wound in my poor heart. God forbid that I should not

warn you—save you—if possible! Come, now, I will be the best friend you ever had. O! you are so like what I was—and,” she added, unconsciously using the gestures of the stage, “can Heaven allow you to become as I am?”

The young girl intuitively shrank from her.

“Yes, keep as far from me as you can. Listen! *My* father was a clergyman, a quiet, holy, beloved man, who, devoted to his books, forgot that he had a child. Very early I was addicted to reading plays. Night after night would I sit up devouring the tragedies of Shakspeare, penning down my own crude thoughts; and at last, the passion became so overpowering, that I determined to seek the city and enter upon the theatrical profession. I had no mother to wound—her heart had turned to ashes long ago. I left my country home—left the man to whom I had solemnly been engaged—left my dear old, white-headed father, and came to the city, as you have come. My beauty attracted instant attention; no warning friend told me the dangers of the way; no one told me, not only of the thorns for the feet, but the *thorns for the heart!*” she exclaimed, with fearful emphasis.

“I meant not to make you sob so; but I would ask you if you are willing to brave these fearful risks? You are young and beautiful; are you willing to lose reputation, dearer to a woman than the most priceless treasure; and when lost—O! when lost!”—her voice became shrill, her clenched hands were uplifted.

“O! don’t look so terrible,” cried the young girl; “I will go to my home in the country. I never thought, never dreamed of this. I saw you, O! so dazzling. I saw thousands spell-bound by the magic of your voice; tears dropping everywhere; and I heard your name murmured with admiration. I thought it was a path of flowers.”

“O, my dear child; none know the anguish of my heart, save those who feel it is no wrong to insult me. And there are many such. First they lure, then destroy, and then degrade by their insolence. O, for the little home of my infancy! O, for the careless days of my childhood! O, for the real love of one warm, trusting heart, such as I threw away! I see him sometimes,” she continued, bending dreamily forward; “he is honored, respected, beloved; looked up to by thousands to whom he ministers. And the one who moves beside him is much fitter for the place than I had been; but O! I envy her; he is her husband, and they

are blessed with fair young children, and there are no spots on their fame—no thorns in their hearts. Do you think I would not give up this hollow splendor, this husk of a name, to be thought of and spoken of as they are? Go back to your innocent home, young girl; and when you are tempted to be great, to win the applause of the world, to dazzle it with splendor hardly won, think of the ‘star’ you saw last night, blazing with a false, a borrowed lustre, and think how to-day you have seen the setting of every fair star of hope in one human bosom.”

The young girl went from her presence heavy-hearted, but longing to fly from the great city. How sweet looked the rose-bushes before her door, when the stage drove her to the old parsonage. With how glad a cry she fell into the outstretched arms of the old minister.

And the old man lies in his grave to-day, while a devoted man of God ministers in the time-honored pulpit. There are no gray hairs upon his head; and Alice Grahame is his wife.

STORY OF OLIVIA.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN old acquaintances meet after a long suspension of intercourse, the tide of conversation often rolls back to the period of their former intimacy, and dwells with peculiar interest on objects, which memory associates with early friendships. It was thus, in the present instance, we often spoke of early days.

One evening, when only Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, Emma and myself were present, I ventured to inquire after a lovely and interesting girl, who in youth, was Mrs. Clifford’s inseparable companion.

“My poor Olivia,” said Mrs. Clifford, with a sigh, “do you still remember her?”

“Do I remember her, my dear madam, rather ask if it be possible to forget her. She was one of nature’s happiest productions. In her, the loveliest person was united to a mind of the most captivating sensibility.”

“Such indeed she was,” re-echoed Mrs. Clifford, “but the world has long since forgotten her.”

When Mrs. Clifford had dried the tears which affection paid to the memory of her unfortunate friend; “she is dead then, I suppose,” said I; “but may I be indulged with some account of her?”

"Yes, do, mamma," said Emma, "it is a story you have long promised me: besides, she whispered, you have told me, that Olivia's misfortunes would be a useful lesson to me."

"You are right Emma," said her father, Olivia's failings and consequent misfortunes will indeed supply a warning, peculiarly appropriate to a mind like yours."

Mr. Clifford, then turning to me, inquired, "Bently, do you remember our old fellow apprentice, Arthur Wilmot?"

"Yes, perfectly well; nor do I forget his enthusiastic admiration of the lady we were speaking of."

"That is the very circumstance I wished to recall to your memory; as it is from this point we must commence the narrative of Olivia, after your departure from town."

"The person, mind and manners of Wilmot, were altogether interesting; and if to these attractions be added a romantic attachment to Olivia, can it be wondered that she returned his affection, with a tenderness equally endearing. Both were orphans—a circumstance, which, I believe, more strongly attached them to each other. But alas, it had in it this peculiar misfortune: neither of them had a friend who felt authorized to whisper in their infatuated ears, the admonitions of prudence. Arthur had a small independence, and was established in a flourishing business, with a fair prospect of success. Olivia too, was possessed of a few hundreds; and, united from motives of affection, with reciprocal feelings, and corresponding habits, they thought the sun of their prosperity would never be over-shadowed by a cloud. Alas! they little knew that it would set so soon, eclipsed in gloom. Yet unforeseen as their misfortunes were, they were but the natural result of their conduct."

Charmed with the fascinating society of his wife, Arthur too often loitered away, at the breakfast table, or in the dining room, hours, which should have been devoted to his business. And Olivia, wholly unpractised in the domestic economy of a family, neither felt it her duty, nor considered how much it would conduce to their mutual interest, *personally* to superintend her household affairs. In arithmetic she had made but little progress; and, averse from calculations of any kind, she overlooked the necessity of confining her expenses within the limits of her income. Hence her arrangements being made without a plan, the house was always in confusion; and her ex-

penditures having no specific limits prescribed, too often doubled the resources from whence it was to be supplied.

In this manner months passed away; but the delusion could not always last. Arthur awoke from the dream of romantic infatuation; and with an eye sobered by the prospect of increasing difficulty, began to contemplate his real situation.

In his deserted shop, and on his neglected ledger, and in the face of his now useless assistants, and above all, in the enormous expenses, and thoughtless extravagancies of his family, he saw ruin inscribed in large and legible characters. What was now to be done?—a vigorous exertion in his business, and a strict frugality in the family might have averted the impending blow. But unhappily, he possessed not sufficient energy to exert the one, nor Olivia prudence to adopt the other. His lively imagination was now unceasingly occupied in dreadful forebodings of future evil, and all the strong susceptibilities of his nature, were lost and blended in a settled gloom. Even Olivia herself, had lost her power to please; and unable to hint to her the event he dreaded, he became silent, thoughtful and reserved. Olivia, who was not deficient in penetration, observed the despondency into which Arthur was sinking; and her own heart conscious of her imprudence, but too well surmised the cause; while she wished, yet dreaded to inquire, lest her fears should be confirmed.

The two first years of their union had now elapsed, when Olivia for the first time embraced a living infant. It was in these melancholy circumstances that she first felt a mother's tenderness; but the bitterness of self-reproach, the anticipation of approaching evils, and the keen sensibility of an idolized husband's suspended kindness, all mingled with her maternal tears, as she pressed the little stranger to her aching heart and called him "Arthur." Alas, he might have been named with a stronger emphasis, "the child of misery, baptised in tears."

Not very unlike were the feelings of its father, when first he recognized his title to that name. With the chilling apathy of despair, he received his child from poor Olivia's arms, and gazed upon it in speechless anguish. But this coldness, so foreign to his nature, soon yielded to the irresistible feelings of a father. His heart softened—and the big drops rolled down his cheeks. He imprinted a paternal

kiss on the lips of the unconscious infant, and bestowing one, of mingled tenderness and grief, upon its dearer mother, hastened from the room.

It was late in the evening, and the family were retiring to rest—all, save their master—he descended to his counting-house; and taking from thence his books, and an estimate of his stock, together with the bills of his tradesmen, which he had collected for the purpose, carried them to his own room, and resolved to know the extent of his embarrassments.

Pursuing this resolution, he calculated with calmness and accuracy—he balanced the accounts with determined courage, and found that the amount of his debts considerably exceeded his remaining property.

The succeeding part of the night he passed in a state of mind, too dreadful to be described. Twice he seized a loaded pistol, and presented it to his own breast—but there is something within us, that revolts from the unnatural deed: he paused—and the image of his pious father, (whose religious instructions were too early lost, but never quite forgotten,) seemed to arise in his memory; and with his remembrance, the awful realities of eternity, stood present to his thought. He laid aside the pistol, and thanked God, that he was not his own murderer."

"Poor Arthur!" interrupted I, "in such a situation, and with feelings like his, I could not have felt surprised by such a catastrophe."

"Let it teach us then," resumed my friend, "to guard against those excesses of feeling which may urge us on to such awful experiments."

"Our passions and sensibilities," added Mrs. Clifford, "are dangerous, until 'baptised by piety's renewing fire; they will then meekly bow beneath the chastening rod.'"

"You are right, my love," rejoined Mr. Clifford; "but let us return to poor Wilmot. In the morning he came to me, pale, feverish and dejected. I anticipated in part, what he came to communicate; and with all the phrenzy of despair, he informed me of the rest. I strove to calm his agitated mind; I promised to assist him in any way in my power; I offered to wait on his creditors, either with him, or for him; and heartily concurred in his resolution of immediately submitting his affairs to their inspection. Overcome by his feelings, Arthur clasped my hand, "Edward," said he, "I am a father—what will now become of my

child? how will Olivia struggle with reproach and poverty?"

Passing over the space of three months, we behold them in far different circumstances; inhabiting an obscure lodging, and depending for their support on the slender salary of a clerk. Yet even here, they might have been happy, had they not too keenly felt the reproaches of a world, which never fails to exaggerate the errors of those, whom the hand of adversity has smitten. In this obscurity, Arthur lived long enough to see himself slighted by most of his former friends; his youth was withered by the slow and consuming hand of care, and at the age of twenty-seven, he died, a melancholy victim at the shrine of youthful inexperience and folly."

"You forget, Edward," interposed Mrs. Clifford, after a few minutes of profound silence, "you forget there was hope in his end."

"No, my love," he replied, "I do not forget that there was a hope full of immortality;" his countenance brightening up as he spoke. "To the honor of redeeming mercy be it ascribed, there was indeed a living hope, which blossomed amid the decays of nature, and still sheds its fragrance over his sleeping dust."

"You mean, I suppose," said I, "that Arthur, before his death, had the same views of religion, as you have."

"My dear Bentley," he answered, with the earnestness of one, who feels it important that he should be rightly understood; "it is vain to talk of *views* and *sentiments* in religion. I will venture to affirm, that the religion which goes no farther, is little better than *practical atheism*. If religion be *anything*, it is an *operative principle*. It first, indeed, enters the understanding, and pours the light of divine truth on the sightless eyeballs of the mind; but instead of prompting us to search abroad for merely speculative truths, it directs the eye inward, in self-examination; displays to the sinner's view the law of God, in all its purity and full extent; then, as with a sunbeam pointing to the faithful record of his conscience, denounces the awful penalties he has incurred. But does it stop here?—No, proceeding from God, it will surely lead to God again.

Instead of driving away the affrighted soul by the terrors of Almighty vengeance, though it humble him in the dust, though it teach him to renounce every refuge of vanity and self-esteem, it will not leave him comfortless; it will conduct him to the foot of Mount Calvary,

and pointing to a Savior's bleeding wounds, will cry, "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

I felt that my friend's representation was just; and, if ever I breathed a fervent prayer, it was then that religion might do as much for me.

"But were these the effects it produced on Wilmot?" I demanded.

"They were. In the last two years of his life, he acknowledged to me, with penitential sorrow, that in childhood the principles of piety had often been inculcated on him, by the anxious efforts of his father. And, he would add, though those sacred seed were sown in tears, and though for a while they seemed unproductive, yet could the aged saint now look down from heaven, and see the child of his many prayers, brought at length to bend before the footstool of the Cross; and, after all his wanderings, expiring beneath the same refuge, and building on the same rock as he did, how would it rejoice his happy spirit. "O, he continued, while his own little Arthur, seated on his knee, was looking up in his face, with infantile fondness, "O, may my supplications for this poor child, in like manner be heard and answered when I am gathered to my fathers!"

"What became of that child?"

"He died, before Arthur's grave was closed; the ashes of his little form, are blended with his father's dust, and at the morning of the resurrection, both shall rise in immortal beauty, to flourish forever in the Canaan of God, the monuments of sovereign grace."

"Did you witness the closing scene of Arthur's life?"

"I did—and it was peace. Like the expiring penitent, he raised the eyes of his faith to the crucified Son of God, and was answered, "this night you shall be with me in paradise!" "Savior, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" he exclaimed; they were his last words, and he slept on the bosom of Jesus."

"Would I were with him?" I involuntarily ejaculated, as Mr. Clifford paused, the feelings of that moment, having overcome the natural reserve of my temperament.

My friend, instinctively turned over the pages of the family bible, which Emma had placed on a table before him and pointed with his finger to these words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The other parts of the family, were now as-

sembled; and a chapter was read, with a simplicity and sincerity worthy of the patriarchal days. Every eye was fixed, every ear seemed attentive; for myself, I can declare, that I listened to every word, (though heard perhaps a hundred times before,) as to words, which were able to make me wise unto eternal life.

CHAPTER II.

It was not long before I found an opportunity of inquiring after the future destiny of her, whom Arthur's early death, had left unsupported and unassisted, to encounter the ills of life. My friend's account of her was as follows:

"When Olivia found that the spirit of her husband had fled, she sunk on her knees by the side of the bed, and raising her clasped hands, and streaming eyes to heaven, seemed to be engaged in prayer. But alas, I fear she was rather invoking the soul of the dead, to whom she now looked up, as to her guardian angel. For upwards of two years, she had heard from his lips the confessions of an humble contrite heart, meekly acknowledging his own sins, and resting on the promises of the gospel alone for salvation. She had seen religion like a new soul, infused into him by the breath of God; reanimating the dejected powers of his mind, and regenerating every unhallowed passion in 'the pure fountain of eternal love,' giving to him new joys, new hopes, and fears: and (to describe every effect in one,) new modelling the man in the image of Jesus. Yet so infallible is the maxim, 'the natural man comprehendeth not the things of the spirit of God,' that in all this she discerned not the supernatural power of christianity."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Arthur did not with sufficient earnestness, instruct her in these important points."

"His life was vocal in its praise," replied Mr. Clifford, "nor is it reasonable to suppose, that feeling as he did, the importance of religion, Arthur would live and die, without earnestly seeking the eternal peace of one he so tenderly loved. No, salvation was his darling theme, and when alone with his Olivia, he would plead the riches of redeeming grace, and urge the necessity of receiving the atonement of the heart by faith, in the most pathetic manner. Nor was this all—in the solitude

of his closet, the boon for which he petitioned with the most unwearied importunity, was her everlasting happiness. Of these fervent intercessions (unknown to him) Olivia was once a witness.

Finding him longer than usual in his retirement, her ever watchful tenderness took the alarm. She gently stole to the door of the room, and opening it unperceived, heard him articulately breathe the most importune supplications for her conversion. This occurrence took place only two months previous to his dissolution, and was afterwards repeated by her to Emma, in such a manner, as plainly indicated, that in her eyes, it seemed to invest him with the sanctity and benevolence of an angel."

"And did she never obtain more scriptural views of religion?"

"I fear not. The real object of her worship was her husband; his loved remembrance was cherished in her heart, with a jealousy that admitted not another sovereign. She often spoke of death indeed, as the final period of her sorrows; but to be re-united to her adored husband, was I fear, all the heaven she anticipated. She languished two years after his death, but during that interval was scarcely seen to smile. Methinks I have her figure now before me, as when she entered our house to go out no more, until she was carried thence on an early bier. Her pale, melancholy aspect, her faltering step, her low and tremulous voice, all received additional interest from the sable weeds which invested her emaciated form. We saw that the hand of death was on her; and while we sought to smooth her passage to the tomb, I hope we endeavored to direct her faith to Him, who 'is the resurrection and life.' But ah! she was spiritually blind; and though we wept over her, we could not impart sight.

O, Bentley! my heart has bled, as I have heard her talk of her approaching dissolution with a pensive pleasure. The grave, she regarded only as a peaceful asylum from the sorrows of this transient life, and heaven as a land of rest, into which she seemed to have an indefinite kind of hope, that her earthly woes would purchase an admission. The truth was, her ideas of heaven, death and eternity, were drawn from the soft, delusive strains of the poet, or the fictitious and equally unscriptural representations which abound in the pages of romance and novels.

To her, therefore, the doctrines of the bible

were harsh, unsoothing sounds, at which she shuddered, and turned away her ears. To tear this fatal delusion from her eyes, to induce her to resign the feeble reed of hope, and rest upon the rock of ages, was our constant aim. And to these weak endeavors our venerable pastor kindly added his instructions and his prayers, but apparently, with little success. The season for action had passed, the sun was set, and the shadows of night began to fall around her.

Mrs. Clifford watched her for three anxious weeks, with unremitting assiduity. She marked the last change in her grief-worn countenance, she heard the last sigh tremble on her lips, she wiped the cold dew from her pale forehead, and closed her eyes;—but here we must leave her, in the hands of him, to whom 'secret things belong.' But oh! how would it have soothed the bitterness of death, had she made some sign of an intelligent and well founded hope."

Here Mr. Clifford ceased speaking, and a silence of some minutes ensued; such as I have sometimes witnessed when the heart has been too full to find utterance in words. At length however, I said, "My dear Clifford, is it not a little uncharitable in you, to entertain such evidently gloomy notions of her eternal state?"

"I trust not. And remember, Bentley, I do not pass sentence upon her. Over her eternal destiny is cast an impenetrable veil, which the rash hand of impiety alone would attempt to raise. Yet, though forbidden to dive into the mysteries of the unseen world, we may, without presumption follow the departed spirit to the utmost verge of time, and reap instruction from the circumstances of her death, without infringing on the laws of candor, or of delicacy. I say, indeed, that the hopes Olivia entertained were unsafe, because they were founded on unscriptural notions of the mercy of God; and an unauthorized expectation of being saved in another way than that which heaven has appointed. Her error was somewhat different from that of the self-righteous soul. She did not altogether hope for happiness so much as the reward of virtue; but as she had been kind and merciful to others, so she expected heaven would be merciful to her. And because the sufferings of this life, are in general prefixed to the rest and joys of another, she seemed to have formed in her own mind an inseparable connexion between them. Here let us leave the subject; and, while we lament the mistakes of others, let it be our concern to follow

implicitly the directions of the sacred chart." Mrs. Clifford soon after entered the room, followed by her sprightly little group, whose gay good humor and innocent mirth soon spread the smile of cheerfulness around them, but did not lessen the impression made on my heart, by the striking contrast exhibited in the close of Arthur's and Olivia's life.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES.

NUMBER II.

MY DEAR GIRLS:—I am gratified to learn that you received kindly, as they were intended, the friendly suggestions contained in my last letter to you; and I am glad to know, that you have respected my wishes in regard to considering our correspondence as strictly confidential, since I shall now feel at liberty to express to you my thoughts on any subject, without reserve. I hope you will ever regard me as a friend, who feels the deepest interest in your welfare and happiness, who would do anything to serve you, but who would not mislead you for the world.

I wish to write to you this morning, on a subject which, I presume, frequently occupies your thoughts, and if you do not approve of the views I express, I hope you will be frank in stating your objections to them. It is quite probable, that, when you went, in the Fall, to ask your fathers for money to buy those fine silk dresses, and those fashionable bonnets, cloaks, &c., for the winter, they told you times were hard, money very scarce, and difficult to be obtained. Now I know very well what the good girls did, under such circumstances. They smiled very sweetly, and said, "Never mind, Father, if it isn't convenient for you to furnish us with money, to buy new things, we can make our old ones do very well."

But, perhaps, some of you looked crest-fallen, and went away, muttering, "If the times are hard, we are obliged to have something to wear."

Now, I know that you wish to appear well-dressed, and it is perfectly proper and right that you should. I would not have you careless and indifferent to your personal appearance. A girl who is untidy in her attire, proves herself very unamiable. She

is too selfish to care for the happiness of others, and therefore, she is willing to annoy them, by compelling them to look upon an unsightly and disagreeable object, rather than to make the little exertion which is necessary in order to present an attractive appearance.

Self-respect, and a proper regard for the feelings of others, require that you should endeavor always to be well dressed. But let me tell you, all the real advantages that dress can confer, may be procured at a very small expense. Much more depends upon harmony of colors, upon form and proportion, than upon the richness of the material. I saw a young lady the other day, in a calico dress, and I am sure she could not have looked better in the most costly silk. The pattern was neat, the colors harmoniously blended, and becoming to her complexion, the fit was perfect, and no dress in the world could have set off her person to better advantage. The lady who can make a genteel appearance upon small means, deserves more credit, than those whose expenditures are great. It requires very little brains to spend money, the silliest of people can do that; but to be well dressed, at small expense, is proof of taste, ingenuity and skill; it also implies, care, industry, and good judgment, qualities which all sensible persons know how to appreciate.

You are not dressing WELL, my dear girls, when you cause trouble and perplexity to those who provide for you, by your thoughtless expenditures. You are not dressing WELL, when you are wearing finery that is not paid for, and perhaps never will be. To be well dressed, your dress must be suited to your means, appropriate to the occasion, affording necessary protection from the changes of our ever varying climate, and in its general aspect, so far conformed to the prevailing mode, as to avoid attracting special attention. When I say your dress should be suited to your means, I would not be understood to mean that you should dress just as expensively as your means will admit. If you are rich, you can well afford to set an example of frugality, which those, in more moderate circumstances, may safely imitate, and with the money thus saved, you may gratify a more lofty ambition than merely to outshine

others in external decorations. If you are not rich, to dress expensively is positively dishonest. It may be defrauding your father's creditors of their just dues; or, perhaps, it is robbing that kind father of rest, and dooming him to unceasing toil; or it is robbing those younger brothers and sisters of the advantages for mental cultivation, upon which their future happiness and usefulness depend.

Ah! I know what is in your minds now. You don't quite like to admit it, but it is this. You think that if you do not dress as richly as other girls, gentlemen will not notice you, and you will fail to make your market. That you should prefer, at some time, to be married and settled in life, is perfectly natural and right. I blame you not for this. If you marry wisely, and from proper motives, your happiness will be greatly enhanced, by having a strong hand, in whose clasp yours may confidently rest, and "a brave, true, earnest heart, against which yours may lean, as against a high wall of strength and protection." But let me assure you, that many more gentlemen are scared away from love and matrimony by extravagant dressing on the part of the ladies, than are attracted by it. Some of the very best young men, those who possess in the highest degree, those manly virtues which are calculated to stir the deep fountains of affection in the soul of woman, and render her as happy as our fallen state will admit, are afraid to cherish any special preference for the lady they most admire. They turn away in sadness because they are not rich enough to indulge in expensive luxuries.

A friend of mine once undertook to collect facts, by enquiring of a large number of married gentlemen, concerning the time, place, and circumstances in which the feeling of preference was first awakened in their hearts, which subsequently led to their marriage. He obtained statements from several hundred gentlemen, whose recollections were definite on that point, from which he made out a very curious table of statistics. I wish I had it now before me, so that I could transcribe it for your amusement and instruction. One thing about it I remember very distinctly, and that is, only a very small number, not more than one or two in a hundred, traced the origin of their

preference to those occasions on which ladies take most pains to appear to advantage. When ladies are "drest in all their best," to walk abroad, or shine at opera, party, or ball, they may be admired as one would admire a beautiful flower, or a charming landscape; but it is not then and there that the desire is awakened in man's heart to possess them for companions on life's toilsome and weary pilgrimage, to share with them the joys and sorrows of an uncertain future.

So, in this point of view, fine dressing is of far less value to you, than you may have been accustomed to suppose. If you expend more in dress than is needful to procure neat and becoming attire, you will be certain to make an unprofitable investment of funds.

There are so many things I wish to say to you, that I hardly know how to wait till another month comes round, but as I have written this morning till my hand aches from the effort of holding the pen, I must bid you a reluctant adieu.

Your very affectionate friend,

EUGENIA.

ELDERGLEN, Jan. 8th, 1858.

DON'T BE SELFISH.

Don't be selfish, if you don't want to be ugly and unloved. You may have features beautiful as those of a hourie, a form delicate as that of a sylph, but if you are selfish, your brow will be stamped with the "mark of the beast," your acquaintances will learn to turn from you with loathing, and you will not retain one sincere friend. To be selfish is to be suicidal; to kill your own as well as the enjoyment of others. It is to hamper your soul that should spread her wings as free as the eagle; it is to strangle every generous impulse; to live for nothing but mean and low gratification; to alienate your nearest kindred, and to prepare thorns for the path of a lonely old age and for the pillow of death.

In all the earth there is no sight more repulsive than that of an intensely selfish person. How little she cares, that young girl, for the comfort of others! She has not a thought, a desire beyond self—not one. She would see her mother fall dead at her feet, toiling for her, and only feel

that now she could get no more favors out of her. As to a pure affection, she never knew it—never can know it. If an engagement adds to her dignity, puts her in possession of more comfort, or ease, she is satisfied—she has no heart.

We have seen just such persons as the above. Frowns and tears and reproaches were their usual characteristics. Are they happy? now that some darling gratification is obtained. When they lay on the bed of sickness, it is positive pain to hear their reproaches and lamentations. If their friends die, their clamorous grief is wholly and entirely for self.

Beware of a selfish lover, girls. Beware of the man that sighs and fumes if you regard another person with polite attention, and under pretense of a passionate love, prays you to devote all your time and all your energies to him. That man makes his sisters wait upon him, and is dependent upon his mother for hot water before he is out of bed, and cannot tie on his own neck-cloth without some feminine assistance. He is known at home as a tyrant, and when you are his wife he will exact from you what no servant would do, and heal your wounded dignity with kisses. Such rewards are very shallow, but if you marry the selfish man they are all you will ever get.

A selfish mother! There are many such, whose children are always "troublesome torments," always in the way. Such a mother never looks after her little ones farther than the nursery door. Her babes do very well, but they must not interfere with her pleasures. Keep them clean, nurse, and make them look pretty; give them enough to eat, but don't let them trouble mamma. She has just put on her new flounced muslin, and her delicate lace collar, and dressed her hair in the loveliest fashion! little fingers would pull and destroy, and mamma never look fit for company. Company before babies; take them off, no matter where you carry them, whether to the priest to be baptized, or the vile place where your forty-first cousin retails whisky and lager beer; and where they can listen to some choice vernacular.

O, selfish mother! God will hold you accountable for the souls he has given you; and he will no less spare the daughter, the

brother, the father or the husband. Your selfishness will react upon you when you shrink at the mention of your son's name as he grows up to manhood, reeking with the vileness he has learned to love in the streets, at the shop-door, and at the bar-room; when your daughter answers you with taunts and sneers, and in the time of your old age, acts the selfish tyrant.

Don't be selfish. The free, generous, willing spirit, that will not see the weak oppressed, and never grudges a favor done a brother, is one that wears the impress of his Maker upon his front. God loves it, because it is like Him, bestowing favors continually. Men love him, and in his own household he is the sun and centre of domestic happiness.—*Olive Branch.*

THE TWO CORDS OF WOOD.

Just at dusk, one November evening, three children occupied the large kitchen connected with the establishment of farmer Grant. A bright wood fire blazed cheerfully in the wide chimney, while from the crane the suspended teakettle was announcing, as loudly as possible, that the hour for supper was approaching. By the bright, but fitful fire, one young girl sat reading; another stood at the window and watched the cows as they walked demurely from the yard to the stable, while a boy of eleven summers was seated on a cricket, in front of the fire, gazing steadily at the flames, as they shot upward, but with an appearance of abstraction, indicating that the mind was elsewhere.

Softly Ellen advanced from the window, and touching her sister Ruth, to call her attention, whispered, "Just look at Thomas! He's in a brown study, as teacher said this afternoon. I do wonder what he is thinking of."

"Ask him," responded Ruth, glancing at her brother, and then turning to her book again.

"Thomas," called Ellen, "what makes you look so sober to-night? Did you miss at school?"

The boy heaved a deep sigh, and then turned to his sister with a smile, saying, "O, Ellen you can help me if you will;

only you must first promise not to tell any one."

Ellen promised, and Thomas led her to the farther corner of the room, as his mother had come in, where he made known his plan.

"Last night," said he, "after you and Ruth had gone to bed, I heard father and mother talking. It made me feel so bad that I could not go to sleep. She had been bringing in the clothes, and kept coughing, as she always does, when she works hard. Father told her that she must go to taking the doctor's stuff that did her so much good last winter. At first she did not answer; but pretty soon I saw her put her hand up and brush away a tear. 'There are so many things to be bought for the children,' she said, after a while, 'that I don't like to spend money for medicine. I don't often cough so much,'

"I know that too," replied father, but you must attend to your health. What should we all do without you?"

"I sometimes think," said mother, "that my work is almost done, and if it is God's will to call me away, He will provide for you and our dear children."

"I couldn't stay to hear any more, I had to run into the entry to keep from sobbing aloud. O, Ellen what could we do without mother?"

The young girl turned around and gave her mother a piercing glance, as if to satisfy herself that her brother had cause for his solicitude, and then asked, "But what can you, or both of us, do to help her?"

"I mean somehow to buy her a bottle of that medicine," exclaimed Thomas, impressively, "but how to do it is the question. Dr. Jones had a load of wood carted to-day, and he wants a man to saw it. I would go to-morrow afternoon, and ask him to give me the job, and take the medicine for pay, only father wants his wood piled up to-morrow, before the snow comes."

Ellen stood for one moment returning her brother's gaze, and then said eagerly, "Ruth and I will pile it for you. We'll get up very early, and do our stint before breakfast, and then we shall have the whole afternoon."

Thomas joyfully accepted this offer, and readily obtained the job from the good phy-

sician. Before night he had piled the two cords in the shed, and sawed nearly a quarter of it.

"Well, my little man," said the doctor, driving into the yard as Thomas was hanging up the saw, preparatory to leaving. "How much have you earned this afternoon?"

A bright thought flashed through the boy's mind, and in true Yankee style he answered the question by asking, "Doctor, how much a bottle was that cough medicine you gave mother last winter?"

"Half a dollar, I think. Is she sick again?"

The boy then communicated his wishes, and with a flushed face inquired of the doctor if he would be willing to let him have one bottle to carry home with him.

The good man was evidently moved by this unexpected proposal. He made no reply, except to invite the boy to his office.—When there, he talked to him more freely, and ended by giving him a small powder for his mother, with directions for taking it, in addition to the desired cough medicine, and promised to call himself the next day.

An hour later Thomas sat with his sisters by the fire, and communicated to them the joyful results of his afternoon's labor. They then proposed to give the medicine to their mother, as a token of affection from her three children, "for," urged Thomas, "I could not have done it, if you had not helped me."

To say that Mrs. Grant was gratified, would be but feebly expressing her emotion, when the love-token was placed in her hands.

With moistened eyes she gave each of them a kiss, and then added in a subdued voice, "God will reward you, my dear ones. The blessing affixed to the fifth commandment will be yours, for you have indeed honored your mother."

God did bless them in rendering the medicine effectual in restoring the health of their mother, whose life He prolonged for many years. She saw her children growing up to be useful, happy, and respected by all who knew them.

Not what we *wish*, but what we *want*,
Let mercy still supply,
The good we ask not, Father grant—
The ill we ask, deny.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,
 That she and her friend Mrs. Harris,
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping;
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
 For all manner of things that a woman can put
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
 In front or behind, above or below,
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars and shawls;
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, or walk in;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall;
 All of them different in color and pattern,
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet and satin,
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
 Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal;
 In short, for things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesmen be bought of,
 From ten thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
 Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
 Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested
 Such particular interest, that they had invested
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
 Gave *good-bye* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
 Her relations at home all marveled no doubt,
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
 For an actual belle and a possible bride;
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
 And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
 Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
 Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Power's Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
With a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her verginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed as a sort of a parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right,
To appear as its escort by day and by night;

And it being the week of the STUCKUP's grand ball—
 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
 And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
 I considered it only my duty to call,
 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
 I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
 When the time intervening between the first sound
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
 Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
 To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
 She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
 I thought you went to the Flashers to dinner!"
 "So I did" replied I, "but the dinner is swallowed,
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine or more,
 So being relieved from that duty I followed
 Inclination, which led me you see, to your door.
 And now will your ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend
 Your beauty, and graces and presence to lend,
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
 To the Stuckup's, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
 And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*,
 I should like above all things to go with you there;
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
 I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose,
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"
 (Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
 "Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—"That's too light."
 "Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white,"
 "Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"
 "I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
 "Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
 "The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
 Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
 (Here the nose took again the same elevation)
 "I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
 As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but dear me, that lean
 Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
 And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
 "Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
 The superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
 That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*"—
 "Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
 Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
 "Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
 Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
 In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
 When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;
 And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
 The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
 And both bright eyes shot forth indignation,
 As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
 "I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
 And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
 Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
 Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
 More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
 And proved very soon the last act of our session.
 "Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
 Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,
 You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
 Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
 Your silly pretense—why what a mere guess it is!
 Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
 I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
 And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
 But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher)
 "I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
 Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
 You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
 I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
 Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
 As gentle expletives which might give relief;
 But this only proved a spark to the powder,
 And the storm it had raised, came faster and louder,
 It blew and it rained. thundered, lightened, and hailed
 Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
 To express the abusive, and then its arrears
 Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
 And my last faint despairing attempt at an ob-
 servation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—

On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
 At home and up stairs in my own easy chair;
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
 On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
 If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
 Abroad in society, I've instituted
 A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
 On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising.
 But there exists the greatest distress
 In our female community, solely arising
 From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
 With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
 Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
 Reveal the most painful and alarming statistics,
 Of which let me mention only a few:
 In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
 Three young ladies, all below twenty-two,
 Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
 In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch
 Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
 In another large mansion, near the same place
 Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
 Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
 In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
 Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls:
 And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
 The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
 One deserving young lady almost unable
 To survive for the want of a new Prussian sable;
 Another confined to the house, when it's windier
 Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
 Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
 Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
 In which were engulfed, not friend or relation,
 (For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
 Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation)
 But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
 And all as to style most *recherche* and rare;
 The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
 And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic,
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
 For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
 Cannot find in religion the slightest relief,
 And philosophy has not a maxim to spare
 For the victims of such an overwhelming despair.
 But the saddest by far of all these sad features

Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Two sad for belief, but alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for the gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-Out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distressés,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of it makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have haunted their victims to gloom and despair;

Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet;
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
 From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
 As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
 Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And ah, if perchance there should be a sphere,
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
 Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
 Unscreened by its trappings, and shows and pretense,
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
 Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

For the Aurora.
THE SISTER'S DYING REQUEST.

“WILL YOU PLANT MY BULBS?”

Are not these but gems of things un-
 perishing, that bloom beside the immortal
 streams. How beautifully analagous the
 life of the clay plant, to the blossoming of
 that earth plant, which perishes but to re-
 vive again. Did you ever entomb beneath
 the valley's sod the little bulb, and watch
 for its coming at morn, and hasten to wait
 for its approaching at eve, and vainly tread
 its bed mid shunshine and mid rain, while
 the paling sun ray seemed to sleep in its
 journey earthward, the moaning gale swept
 by, deepening into the low mild-toned Ae-
 olian, and hoarsely howled the winter wind,
 and the blast with cadence low rocked with
 dirge like song the sombre pencil paintings.
 The ebbing tide bore on its heaving bosom
 trophies of its onward march, noiselessly
 move the wheels of the swift-winged cour-
 ser, the cloud white girdle melts from the
 beetling cliff, dissolves in the murky tinge
 of the brown hill top, the glad sunshine
 wakes again the melody of life, the germ of

being bursts its mouldy dust, and the resur-
 rected sod puts on the lily's attire.

And watch ye thus for the coming of
 some pale face from the valley's turf, whited
 by the ivy touch, or say ye to the lone
 sleeper, “sleep on, the fetters of thy dream
 day shall know no reviving link.

I may trace in no sunnier sky
 The soft glancing of thine eye,
 In vain will list thy footsteps tread,
 For something whispers thou art dead.

O king of kings, the chief!
 Bears thy sceptre no relief,
 Will thy embrace ever stay
 Through the long night's day.

Gentle flower we know thou'lt rise again,
 Loosed from winter's icy chain,
 At the calling of Spring's warm breath,
 On thy cheek will wake the dew of health.

And breathes there no spring-time
 Upon thy petals, frosted in their prime,
 No summons to wake the chrysalis of clay
 To the ever echoing plains of Heaven's own lay.

Earth's grave-stone holds many a cherished bulb, but they only wait in the embrace of the skeleton king, for the waiving of that sceptre that shall bring a morning to the gloomy night of his reign. Bowed form, with the silver threads of care twined in the soft folds of thy hair, I know by the dewy tenderness of that dim eye, that earth's gravestone holds many a bulb of thy rearing. Morning traveller, hast thou planted those early bulbs along the wayside of thy pilgrimage? pass on to life and to duty, and thou wilt breathe of its fragrance again.

O! earth's gardens, blighted by so many frosts, sweeter is the verdure of thy lilies beside the immortal streams.

Faster moved the looming shuttle, the stroke of its perfecting web, sadly chimed in the autumn wind its chant, the doxology of the closing year. Leaf unto leaf whispered farewell, and the tall trees bowed low their heads as they heard of winter's sombre tread.

Twas evening. The gorgeous autumn sunset, that medallioned the West, cast a pensive shade on the brow of one who musing peered into the heart shadows that studded the future mystic veil. Soft sunshiny hair clustered on her snow white brow, and down in the deep depths of the soul that looked from that gentle blue eye, there seemed to live more of heaven than of earth, and the dimpled smile that lighted her face with sunshine, was like the ripple upon the lakelets bosom, calm and clear. But she was one of those sensitive plants that cannot bear the damp, chill air of earth, the delicately attuned harp for whose strings, angel touches alone have gentleness enough.

The unseen hand was writing its prophecy of sorrow in the languid moods that would sometimes steal over the joyous carolling of the may day summer bird, and in the fluctuating rose that tinged that cheek of parian whiteness. And the farewell strains of the plumed songster, as forth they flew to the leafier bowers, seemed to wake a kindred tone in the bird note of the household warbler. Calling home the wanderings of thoughts and lifting her soul's bright eye to the pearl drop glistening there she exclaimed, "O! Sister, plant my bulbs!"

As faded the glowing skybeam and the autumn flower, so paled this earth plant, but in its folds we read not dimly and mournfully farewell, the lily only drooped toward death's dark wave, bidding us look upward, heavenward. Thus the life-barque glided into that port of peace, where the winds are one eternal hallajuah.

Yes thy bulbs are planted. Through long years they have revived and withered again; folded they have slept in winter's tomb, and waked at spring's warm gales, and still thou sleepest.

Hushed thy breathing now,

With the youth dew on thy brow

Dim the love light of thine eye,

Chill the smile that on thy parted lips doth lie.

Bulb of our own cherishing,

Bud of our own planting,

Sweeter is thy bloom

On the far away hills, unclouded by the tomb.

BAPTIST FEMALE INSTITUTE. A. W. M.

ANECDOTE OF INGLEDON.

It is related of Ingledon, who some years ago was a popular singer, that in his native simplicity, and unhappy habit of speaking out his thoughts, he gave offence, by some carelessly spoken word, to one of those sensitive individuals, who have such an amazingly small piece of "honor," that they guard it very jealously, and he determined to obtain satisfaction from the singer. So after having "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," he concluded to seek the unsuspecting musician. It was a warm summer's afternoon, and he found Ingledon at his hotel enjoying his afternoon nap. He rudely roused him from his dreams and angrily demanded "satisfaction." The singer taken by surprise demurred—said he did not feel in a humor for exerting himself, but the man was inexorable—"satisfaction he must and would have," and after some parleying, Ingledon arose, walked to the opposite side and commenced warbling "Black-eyed Susan," in his most delicious style. When he finished he said, "There! that has given complete satisfaction to thousands, and if you're not satisfied, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with!"

For the Aurora.

[From the Brownsville Female College.]

NO. II.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

A FABLE.

On a beautiful afternoon, in mid-summer, a gay butterfly was basking in the sunlight, sipping the honey from a honey-suckle and inhaling its fragrance. He regarded with envious, but scornful eye, the toils of an industrious bee, as he flew from flower to flower, busily gathering the honey for his hive.

"Why labor so hard, my little friend," said the bright butterfly. "Cease for awhile from your labor, and come and enjoy the sunlight and these flowers with me."

"Ah," replied the busy bee, "if I do not prepare for winter while the sun shines so brightly, and these flowers are in bloom, I shall die when winter comes, for the want of something to eat. I must work, therefore, while the sun shines and the flowers bloom, and cannot stop to play."

"But," said the butterfly, "if you spend all your time in laboring so hard, you lose all the pleasure of the bright sun, and all the beauty of these flowers."

"But," said the bee, "if I were to spend all my time in idleness, as you do, I would find no enjoyment, but I work in the summer and then when winter comes I can enjoy myself with plenty to live upon."

"Why not enjoy the present, and let the future provide for itself?"

"Because," replied the bee, "they who play all the summer may expect to starve in the winter."

The bee then flew away to his hive richly laden with honey for his cell, and left the butterfly still basking in the sunlight and playing among the flowers.

The scene changes. The north winds blow furiously. The flowers have all faded, and the bright sunshine has fled from the earth. The bee goes whizzing towards his hive.

"Stop, friend, stop," cried the poor butterfly, lying prostrate near a snow flake, "stop and help me, ere I die."

"Ah" sighed the kind-hearted bee, fain

would I give thee aid, but your guady wings must be cropped before you can enter my dwelling."

"Alas! alas!" said the dying butterfly, "to be robbed of my beauty! It is better to die at once."

"Now, my friend," said the bee, "you see the folly of your idleness, but alas, it is now too late to profit by it. Had you but taken my advice, and instead of spending all your time in idleness, when the sun shone so brightly, you would not have been so helpless."

It is wise for mortals to learn lessons of instruction from every creature and circumstance; and, from the story of the butterfly and the bee, we may learn, as well as from Scripture, to lay up treasures in heaven, and not on earth, where all that is bright must perish at last. A SOPHOMORE.

For the Aurora.

[From Brownsville Female College.]

NO. III.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Drop after drop, and wave on wave, make the mighty ocean. Grain after grain of sand, and heap on heap of earth, make this beautiful world in which we dwell.

So with the magnificent structures of human industry. Brick after brick, is laid one upon another; and day after day, of necessary toil, does it take to erect those beautiful edifices, that adorn our country.

So also with the immortal works of great artists. A single picture of Raphael or Correggio, the renowned artists of Italy, is a rich prize for a whole city. It was by the continued toil of days and years, that they encircled their brow with wreaths of glory, and attained the highest pinnacle of fame. Gaze on the costume of that lady of fashion. Stitch after stitch, has been made, and figure after figure has been woven, to construct the costly fabric of lace that decorates her fair form. And the jewels that sparkle amid the sunny wave of her golden hair, have been collected from far off climes.

The little bee, as it flies from flower, to flower, culling the sweets of which it makes its store of honey, the little ant that toils through the long summer day,

carrying grain after grain of clay, to form the cells in which it stores away its food for the long winter; and the little bird that is building her nest, bringing twig after twig, and one strand of hair after another, and lining the inside with soft moss or down, until she forms a nest of exquisite workmanship; *all* these, according to the same great principle, little by little.

Second after second, makes up the period of human life; so one little action after another, makes up the records of man's character. One after another of his deeds are recorded in heaven, whether good or evil, As a tree puts forth its bud and leaf and flower and fruit, so does the child exhibit his actions, until his character is formed. Thus it is with the student. Deep in the night, when others are calmly reposing in the arms of sleep, he is bending over his books, storing his mind with knowledge. Week after week, and month after month, finds him employed in the same manner. He does not despair because he cannot overcome every difficulty at one trial, but studies with ardor and diligence, little by little, until he rises triumphant over them all. Thus step by step he proceeds up the hill of science, until he reaches the summit, where a nation's praises crown him with honor, and the world weaves a fadeless garland of glory for his brow.

The mind, that strange, incomprehensible faculty, dives into unknown depths, reveals hidden mysteries, and makes all things subservient to its will. Step after step it ascends the ladder of improvement, until it seems as if the topmost round is almost gained. Yet every day we see new manifestations of its greatness. Let us gaze back on the shadowy past to the creation of the world. Nature was then perfect. But the tempter came, and its charms were lost, ere Adam left the garden from whence he was driven for his disobedience. He looked upon the broad and beautiful expanse before him, with wonder and delight. The Euphrates rolled its waters near; while in the distance its shores were washed by the briny ocean. Lakes, fountains and rivers, sparkled in the sunlight. Sloping hills, swept away into extensive plains, and rugged mountains reared their frowning peaks. The bosom of the earth contained minerals hidden from sight, and in

the ocean's caves were buried gems of untold value. No work of man was then to be seen. But look around now and behold the change. The boundless extent of the ocean has been traversed, and its most precious gems obtained. Lofty spires and majestic domes rear their heads to heaven. The rough rocks have assumed forms of beauty beneath the hands of the sculptor. The bosom of the earth has been explored and its contents attained; and all this has been done little by little. Step after step, for six thousand years, has the human mind been rising higher, and spreading its influence wider and wider, until it has reached the wonderful heights of resplendent glory to which it has now attained. And step by step, it will continue to rise for endless ages to come. There is no limit, either on earth or in heaven to its advancement, and yet every step it takes in its eternal progression is little by little. A JUNIOR.

For the Aurora.

[From the Moulton Female Seminary.]

MY BURIED BIBLE.

A mild waxen face beams beautifully forth, soft argus eyes are closed on those she loved here, and long, bright lashes rest confidently on that marble cheek, while on her sainted brow gleams a ray of immortal glory; her hair, in dark, waving shadows, rests upon those polished shoulders; her lips have ceased to breathe their lute-tones, and are white, and ah! so still. While her pale hands are folded, fondly and meekly across my bible, marked by those taper fingers, the few consoling words: "Let not your hearts be troubled." My buried bible, never again will mortality's fingers press thy dampened leaves, never again will sunlight gild thy tarnished cover, pressed so closely beside that still heart. When those hands that clasp thee are covered with mould, when the bosom on which thou restest is dust, when the robes that enshroud the sylph-like form, are ashes, still undisturbed thou wilt lie, in that sure retreat and haven of rest—the grave. Though flowers of Spring may bloom above her bright young head, the snows of winter may enwrap the slender mould, with their

winding sheet, and wreath the headstone with icy jewels, yet still beneath their chill thou remainest, my bible, mingling her dust with thine. Her penitent tears have fallen, her suppliant knee has bended, and the gleam of her seraph wings have left a track of light on the portals of death. She has knelt before the great White Throne—looked upon her Maker—while her guiltless lips have pleaded, "Lord am I worthy." She now wears her white robe—has tuned her "harp" in strains of celestial lay, and now wanders beside the "still waters."

MINNIENAH.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

A traveler through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up
And grew into a tree

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows
And age was pleased in heats at noon
To rest beneath its boughs.

The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,—
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did
But judged that toil might drink.

He passed again and lo, the well
By summers never dried;
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'T was old, and yet 'twas new:
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo, its lights became
A lamp of life—a beacon ray—
A monitory flame

The thought was small, the issue great,—
The watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love!
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,—
A transitory breath:
It raised a brother from the dust;
It saved a soul from death.

Oh, germ; oh, fount: oh, word of love:
Oh, thought at random cast:
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

FIDELITY.

A heathen king once caused a pious bishop to be brought before him, and required of him that he should deny his faith and sacrifice to the gods. But the bishop said, "My lord and king, that I shall not do." Then the king was exceedingly wroth, and said, "Knowest thou not that thy life is in my power, and that I can kill thee? One look, and it will be done."

"I know that," said the bishop, "but allow me first to lay before thee a simile and a question for thy decision. Suppose that one of thy most faithful servants should fall into the power of thine enemies, and they should seek to move him to be unfaithful to thee, so that he should betray thee. But seeing that thy servant remained steadfast in his fidelity, the enemies should take him, and stripping him of all his clothes, send him away naked, in the midst of mocking and insults. Say, O king, when he should return thus, wouldst thou not give him thy best robes, and recompense him for his disgrace with honor?"

And the king answered and said,

"Well, yes! but what does all this mean and where has such a thing happened?"

Then spake the holy bishop, "Behold thou canst strip me of this earthly garment But I have a Master who will robe me anew. Ought I then to regard the dress, and give up my fidelity for it?"

Then said the heathen monarch, "Go, I give thee thy life!"

TWO SHADES OF PANIC LIFE.

Mrs. McFlimsey and Flora seated tete-a-tete. Enter Mr. McFlimsey with a gold-headed cane and a cloudy brow.

Mrs. McFlimsey.—You needn't open your mouth, Mr. McFlimsey; I can read our fate on your brow! O, I shall die—I certainly shall! What's to be done? (pause) Why don't you speak—what is to be done? Don't know? well then, let me tell you it is time you did know. Don't think I'm going to stand it—don't—what's that you're muttering? You'd like to see me help myself, would you? Well, you're brute enough for anything. What have you done with the money I brought you? Two thousand? well no matter if it was but two thousand; where is that? Gone for extravagant jimerackery? O, grant me patience, heaven! Mr. McFlimsey, if you have no more feeling than to talk so before your poor ruined child—I don't expect you to consider me—you have shown me the folly of expecting any consideration for my feelings—but before her! it is enough that you have deprived her of a home—never had a home? Go on, sir, go on! Perhaps you'll be kind enough to say next that the fault of your disgraceful failure belongs to us; so it does? Oh, oh, oh! I'm going! I'm certainly going! Don't you see I'm going! (Stage whisper from Mr. McF.) Well go, who the devil cares! C-c-c-e-r-r-r! O you monster! C-r-r-r—catch me quick! C-c-c-e-r-r-r!

[Mr. McFlimsey doesn't catch her, but leaves the house. Mrs. McF. not hearing him depart, rolls over the floor in hysteric screams.]

Flora from the Sofa. There ma, you can get up; you have played out that on the old man; he's gone.

In another week there will be a suicide, and Mr. McF. will be gone to all intents and purposes.

LIGHT SHADE.

Enter Mr. Amity with the day's trouble on his face. Is met at the door by a pair of plump lips and loving arms.

O, hubby dear, what a face! Well I never! Now I'll tell you what it is, if you don't smooth down some of them wrinkles

I won't own you, see if I do, (places him on the sofa and takes a seat on his knee.) Come now, I'll show you how it's done—this is the smooth way of the world (and her little fat hand flutters down over his face, waiting a moment at the mouth for a kiss) and this is the rough way, (and up goes the hand to the forehead again, giving the nose a little tweak in it progress.) Well, just now it's the rough way you see. But what's the use in worrying about what can't be helped? If people you trusted can't pay you can't pay others—that's conclusive, isn't it? Well others must wait till you can, that's all I've got to say about it. Besides after all, you ain't so very ruined; you have got a thousand dollars left, and you've got me, that's a thousand more—O, don't squeeze the breath out of me! Then you've got the baby! bless his little fat legs—that's ten thousand more—then there's the twins, and the two boys, and Susy and—that's all! but gracious, arn't that enough? O, dear, what a melancholy face! If you don't smile, I'll bite you, come now. (hubby, evidently afraid of her teeth, tries to smile.) Well, that will do, although its rather dubuons.—Never mind, now let's see. A thousand dollars will go a great ways in a prudent way. A nice little place in the country won't cost much—and I do hate these great logaboo houses, never half occupied, and taking a fortune to furnish them; so cold and cheerless, too! (gives a comical little shiver,) very well; there will be the house in the country; then we shan't any of us want any new clothes these many and many years—there's baby, though, I suppose he'll outgrow his; well, he can have the dresses of the twins, and they can—no they can't; they can't wear boys clothes—well, they can have some of Susy's clothes, and Susy can have some of mine. Then, as for servants, I'm as good as two servants any day, and nobody has but two in the country; besides, I need the exercise; I'm pining away as it is. (hubby does smile now—the little minx! she is broad as she is long.) Never mind, laugh away, I know I am for all that. Then there are half a hundred other ways of saving money in the country—I can give up having parties, and you, hubby dear, won't have to stay at those nasty clubs all night, as you

do sometimes, (hubby dear winces a little.) I needn't set so extravagant a table, and you won't need so many cigars to smoke—because you won't have so many people to help you, you see? I can do all the mending of the clothes, and you—let me see—yes, you shall have a nice billiard table in the house, and I'll learn to play with you. (Hubby, who has been striving hard to prevent it, goes off into a loud guffaw that would astonish the depressed merchants on change.) The idea of such an establishment as she had painted, with billiard tables into the bargain, on the strength of a thousand dollars, was too much for his risible faculties.

However, the point was gained; depression fled like an evil spirit, and hopeful energy took its place. The panic-stricken merchant had vanished into the loving husband and father; and if, before another month goes round, Mr. Amity is not on his feet again, there will be no virtue in a gentle, loving, hopeful, patient, encouraging wife. Shades like these can be seen side by side in almost every street of our city. More's the pity for the dark ones.

HOW THEY MARRY AND LIVE.

A young man meets a pretty face, falls in love with it, courts it, marries it, goes to housekeeping with it, and boasts of having a home and a wife to grace it. The chances are nine to one that he has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an old story, or becomes faded or freckled, or fretted and as the face was all he wanted, all he paid attention to, all he sat up with, all he bargained for, all he swore to love, honor and protect, he gets sick of his trade, knows a dozen faces which he likes better, gives up staying at home evenings, consoles himself with cigars, oysters and politics, and looks upon his home as a very indifferent boarding house. A family of children grow up about him; but neither he nor his 'face' knows any thing about training them, so they come up helter-skelter; made toys of when babies dolls when boys and girls, drudges when young men and women; and so passes year after year and not one quiet, happy, homely hour is known throughout the entire household.

Another young man becomes enamored of "a fortune." He waits upon it to parties, exchanges *billet doux* with it, pops the question to it, gets "yes" from it, takes it to the parson's, weds it, calls it "wife," carries it home, sets up an establishment with it, introduces it to his friends,

and says—poor fellow!—that he, too, is married and has got a home. It's false. He is not married, and has no home; and he soon finds it out. He is in the wrong box, but it is too late to get out of it. He might as well hope to escape from his coffin. Friends congratulate him, and he has to grin and bear it. They praise the house, the furniture, the cradle, the Bible the new baby, and bid the "fortune" and he who husbands it, good morning. As if he had known a good morning, since he and that gilded fortune were falsely to be one.

Take another case. A young lady is smitten with a pair of whiskers. Curled hair never before had such charms. She sets her cap for them; they take. The delighted whiskers makes an offer, proffering dear miss is overcome with magnanimity, closes the bargain, calls herself engaged to it, thinks there never was such a pair of whiskers before, and they are married. Married! Yes, the world calls it so, and we will. What is the result? A short honeymoon, and then they unluckily discover that they are as unlike as chalk and cheese, and not to be made one, though all the preachers in cristendom pronounce it so.

PARENTS KNOW BEST.

A little boy wanted to go down to the river side to play. His mother told him there was danger, and bade him stay at home. "You never let me go anywhere," said he angrily.

"Mother knows what is best for you, Charlie," continued the same pleasant voice of his parent.

"No you don't," said Charlie, for which improper language he was severely re-proved.

"Perhaps there are many little boys and girls guilty of the same misdemeanor. They are very much like the foolish fly in the following fable:

"A young fly was resting with its mother on the wall of a fire place, near a kettle wherein the cook was making soup. The old fly being obliged to leave her daughter on account of other engagements, said to her as she flew away, "My child, you must remain where you are, and not leave your place till I come back."

"Why not, mother?" asked the little fly.

"Because," said the mother, "I am afraid you will go too near the boiling fountain," meaning the soap kettle.

"What is the reason I must not go near it?"

"Because you will fall into that dreadful place."

"And why shall I fall in there mother?"

"I cannot explain to you the reason; you must trust my experience. Every time that a little fly has approached these boiling fountains, from which you see so many vapors rising, I have observed that it always tumbles in, and never gets out again."

The mother, thinking she had said enough, flew away; but no sooner had she gone than the little fly began to laugh at her advice. She said to herself, "These old folks are always so careful." Why does my mother wish to deprive me of the innocent pleasure of flying about a little near this fountain? Have I not wings, and have I not sense enough to keep out of danger? Indeed, mother you can talk wisely, and I suppose you like to quote your own experience; but as for me, I am going to amuse myself in flying round this fountain; and I should like very much to see if I can't keep from tumbling in."

So saying, she flew away to the kettle; but hardly had she approached it, when the suffocating vapor overcame her, and she sank exhausted into it."

"Oh," said she, with her expiring breath, "how unhappy are those children who will not listen to the advice of their mother."

THE CARELESS WORD.

A word is ringing through my brain,
It was not meant to give me pain:
It had no tone to bid it stay,
When other things had passed away;
It had no meaning more than all
Which in an idle hour may fall;
It was when first the sound I heard
A lightly uttered, careless word.

That word—O! it doth haunt me now,
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe,
By night by day, in sun or shade,
With the half smile that gently played
Reproachfully, and gave the sound
Eternal power through life to wound.
There is no voice I ever heard,
So deeply fixed as that one word.

When in the laughing crowd some tone,
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,

Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then
The careless word comes back again.
When all alone I sit and gaze
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,
So freshly, as when first 'twas heard,
Returns that lightly uttered word.

When dreams bring back the days of old,
With all that wishes could not hold,
And from the feverish couch I start
To press a shadow to my heart,
Amid its beating echoes, clear,
That little word I seem to hear;
In vain I say, while it is heard,
Why weep!—'twas but a foolish word

It comes, and with it comes the tears
The hopes—the joys of former years;
Forgotten smiles—forgotten looks,
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks;
And all is joyless; though they were
The brightest things life's spring could share,
O! would to God, I ne'er had heard
That lightly uttered, careless word.

O! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,
Whose words are treasured to some heart,
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,
When earth hath but for one a home;
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,
And, heeding not what else they heard,
Dwell weeping on a careless word!

BEAUTY.

Beauty consists not in the rosy cheek, the coral lip, or the brilliant eye, but in the richness, purity, and undying love of the soul. Beauty of contour and a graceful mien, may yield a momentary charm, but like the lightning's flash they only dazzle and bewilder for the moment and are forever past; but the beauty of the soul—like the rough diamond—although scarce perceived at first by us, grows the more beautiful as gradually, each lovely, glowing ray springs forth to meet our admiring gaze, thus illuminating the dark recesses of the soul with a heavenly radiance. The sweet serenity of a true Christian—the soul at peace with its maker—has a fount of light and joy which irradiates every lineament of the face with a celestial beauty that fadeth not away. It maketh the aged face lovely and the deformed to glow with beauty—beauty which time and death shall ne'er erase.—*Rural New Yorker.*

MARY MALONEY'S IDEA OF A LOVER.

"What are you singing for?" said I, to Mary Maloney.

"O, I don't know, ma'm without it's because my heart feels so happy."

"Happy are you, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world."

"Foot of land is it!" she cried with a hearty Irish laugh, "O, what a hand ye be after for joking, why I hasn't a pinny let alone the land."

"Your mother is dead."

"God rest her soul, yes," replied Mary Maloney with a touch of genuine pathos, "may the angels make her bed in heaven!"

"Your brother is still a hard case, I suppose."

"Ah, you may well say that. It's nothing but drink, drink, drink, and beating his poor wife that he is—the crature."

"You have to pay your little sister's board."

"Sure, the bit-crater, an' she's a good little girl, is Hanny, willing to do whatever I axes her. I don't grudge the money that goes for that."

"You havn't many fashionable dresses either, Mary Maloney."

"Fashionable, is it, O, yis, I put a piece of whalebone in me skirt, and me calico gownd looks just as big as the great ladies. But then ye says true, I hasn't but two gowns to me back, two shoes to me feet, and one bonnit to me head, barring the ould hood ye gave me."

"You havn't any lover, Mary Maloney."

"O, be off wid ye—ketch Mary Maloney gitting a lover these days, when the hard times is come. No, no, thank heaven, I ain't got that to trouble me yet—nor I don't want it. There was me sister that married in ould Ireland, she took up with a lover at the time I took down wid the masles—and shure I got well first. She used to go about pinin' and sighin' till me very heart was achin' to see her so dolemulfully; but by and by she got married, and her husband dranked and bate her, so that's all she got for her sorrow. Ketch this Mary Maloney taking any such distress on her as that."

"What on earth then, have you got to

make you so happy? A drunken brother, a poor, helpless sister, no mother, no father, no lover, why where do you get all your happiness from?"

"The Lord be praised, Miss, it growed up with me. Give me a bit of sunshine and a clane flure, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, and I'm made. That makes me laugh and sing; and then if deep trouble comes, why—God helpin' me, I'll try to keep me heart up. Shure it would be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should take it into his head to come and ax for me but the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

The last speech upset my gravity. The idea of looking upon a lover as an affliction was so droll! But she was evidently sincere, having before her the example of her sister's husband, and a drunken brother.—*Olive Branch.*

A DELIGHTED MOTHER.

A mother who was in the habit of asking her children before they retired at night, what they had done through the day to make others happy, found her young twin daughters silent. One spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions founded on the golden rule, "Do unto others, as you would that they should do unto you." Still those little bright faces were bowed down in serious silence. The question was repeated.

"I can remember nothing all this day, dear mother; only, one of my schoolmates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her, so she said I was good. This is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more timidly: "A little girl, who sat by me on the bench at school, has lost a little brother, I saw that, while she studied her lesson, she hid her face in her book, and wept; I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck, but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

"Come to my arms, my darlings!" said the mother, "to rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep, is to obey our blessed Redeemer."

A WOMAN'S LAUGH.

A woman has no natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen fugitive through the trees, led on by her fairy laugh; now here, now lost—now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care, or sorrow, or irksome business: and then we turn away, and listen, and hear it ringing through the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the ill spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh? It turns the prose of our life into poetry: it flings showers of sunshine over the darksome wood in which we are travelling; it touches with light our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but gemmed with dreams that are shadows of immortality.

DEATH.

The angel of death is daily and nightly around our dwelling, and here and there may be seen the glimmering lamp during the hours of the night. The watchers are there. The loved one is restless. She falls into a deep slumber, from which, in a few moments, she awakens, more exhausted than before. The angels hover around, all unseen by the watchers, but ere the loved one nears that delicate line that separates this life from that which is to come, they touch her with their golden wings, and she is animated with new strength and with new delight—and as she passes away she breathes the sweet words—"happy, oh! so happy." The angels and their new sister are gone; but in Heaven a new song is sung. Loving friends gather around the remains of the departed, and many a tear gathers and glistens in the eye, and many a pang pierces the heart, but all unseen amidst that mourning circle a new angel hovers.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Never forget the judgement-day. Keep it always in view. Frame every action in reference to its unchanging decisions.

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is lovely? It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind words and pleasant smiles, as she passes along, who has a kind word—or sympathy for every girl or boy she meets in trouble, and kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any other way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of good diamonds, and precious stones as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble; strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

THE REDBREAST'S LOVE OF MANKIND.

It is a curious fact that the love of our race is so innate in the Robin as to render him unhappy in any other society—excepting only in the breeding season, when all birds are naturally shy and suspicious for the welfare of their offspring. Go into any wood, walk down any shady lane, enter any cemetery, seat yourself in any country churchyard, or perch yourself on any rural stile—within a few moments you will assuredly have a Robin beside you; and he will assuredly introduce himself with a song. It is in vain for you to say him "nay." He fairly fascinates you. He woos your heart, and wins it. How many of my successes in winning human hearts are attributed to the hints afforded me by this ingenious, bold, open-hearted, all-conquering bird!—*Kidd's Treatise on the Robin.*

PLEASURE.

With caution taste the sweet Circean cup;
He that dips oft at last will drink it up.
Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.

THE IRISH BOY.

A STORY OF THE FAMINE.

"O thin, don't shut the door awhile; won't some of ye listen to me? for 'tis a sorrowful story I've to tell. The shining beams of the blessed heaven on yer head, my lady! an' let me spake a minit, while the hunger laves me strength. Och! little I thought I'd ever be driven from the stranger's thrashel. For I was'nt always houseless and frindless. 'Tisn't long since I was happy an' continted in my own father's house in the mountains beyant, but wirra true 'tis empty an' desolate now. The fire is gone out on our hearth-stone, an' my hand will niver be strong enough to kindle it agin. Many a night I sat by it, listening to ould stories, or hearing my mother sing; wid the red light dancing up an' down her face, an' her voice rising an' falling so beautiful, till, in spite o' me my eyes filled up wid tears. That was the pleasant crying; but many is the bitter one fell from 'em since. The blight of the hard year fell on our crops, my lady; an' thin come starvation where full and plenty wor afore. A wosome change came over us all; everything was sold to gather the rint; even my own little goldfinch; sure, 'tisn't that I grudged it. Mother didn't sing thin; an' when she tried to spake joyful, to cheer my father up, there was a shake in her voice, an' her lip trembled; an' they both had a frightened look; no wonder wid famine staring 'em in the face. For we'd be a whole day, *an' more may be*, widout tasting food, an' couldn't get it any how; an' I'd go to bed sick an' fainting like; but I didn't mind myself at all, only my little sister Norah. In all the country round there wasn't a prettier child, wid her cheeks of pink and snow, an' her white forehead, wid the yellow hair on it, like goold rings, only softer a dale; an' shining eyes, the color of the sky in June. O dear! the hunger bore heavy on the innocent child, an' rubbed out all the dimples in her face, an' faded the red blush, an' her eyes sunk back in her head, as if all the tears she cried put out the light in 'em. An' O lady! it would have gone to your heart's heart to see her hold out her thin long hand, an' hear her young small voice, that used to be

laughing all day, axing for bread, an' none to the fore. Then mother 'ud soothe her to sleep, an' her face working all the time.—The sob would be on Norah's heart, an' she asleep. But one night, after being stupid-like for a long while, she roused up to say, 'I'm very hungry; an' before the words wor out of her mouth, she stretched herself out on mother's lap an' died. Well, I tuk on greatly at that; but mother said that God had taken her from the misery, an' she wouldn't be hungry agin, for the angels in hivin wor feeding her. Thin I thought, only for mother, I'd like to go too. Father berrid her *without a coffin*. She was the first I iver saw die; but 'twasn't to be long a strange thing to me. My father got work at last, but the power to do it was going fast. An' mother 'ud keep the last bite au' sup in the house *for him*, whin he'd come in, and made him believe that she ate afore, and pretend she was giving him her lavings, an' laugh an' joke wid him. Och! but her laugh had a quare sound thin, just like the crushing of her heart; it 'ud make my flesh creep; but you wor always minding everybody barring yerself, mother dear! I heard 'em say no one could dhrove a spade deeper nor my father once, but *hunger is sthronger nor the strong man*; 'when that is tugging at the inside, thin the arm it very wake. He fainted over his spade, an' was soon lying down in the faver. We wor out of the doctor's way; an' the priest was always out, an' a weight of sickness on my father, an' nothing to quench the thirst that was perishing him, barring a can of could wather from the strame afore the door.—Day an' night mother sat by the whisp of sthraw that kept him from the floor. O! but his face was hot an' red, hls two eyes like lighting coals, an' a puff of his breath 'ud burn ye, an' he saying such out-o'-the-way things in his wanderings. Well, we thought he was getting cool; but, sure enough, 'twas death's own cold fingers upon him. For he got quite sensible, and said to mother, 'Norah, *acushla ma chree*, put yer hand under my head, an' raise me; the sight is laving my eyes, but let me feel ye kissing me;' and then he died off quite aisy, jist at the day-dawn; an' the spirit died in me too, but I couldn't help staring at my mother. As soon as she stroked the body, she sated herself foreninst it, and hardly

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stirring for two days, may-be. I thought all *her tears were used up*; for her eyes wor dry as dust. Them were the sorrowful days!

"There was food in the house thin, but we co-ldn't taste it. 'tis very aisy to giv the body enough whin the heart is full. On the third day she wrapped him in her ould cloak, and called me to help her; so we carried him to the grave ourselves, without shroud or coffin, for the neighbors wor too hard put to it to keep themselves alive to mind us or our dead. A light weight he was, dhried up an' shrunk away. Sure 'twas the great God gave strength to mother that day, for nothing was too hard for her. We scraped out the earth, an' be rrid him. Mother didn't spake all the time, only she shivered, an' put her face atune her hands, an' thin she got up quite stout, and walked home so fast that I could scarcely keep up wid her. No sooner wor we in, than she fainted away; an' whin she come to 'Thank God he's berrid!' ses she; 'whin I'm gone *marourneen*, if ye wor to go on yer bended knees to the neighbors, make 'em put me down beside him. That won't be long,' ses she; for I hear him calling me.' I thought may-be she was tired, an' enthrat-ed her to ate, but she wouldn't. Thin she put her arm round me, an' drew me to her, an' called me her fair haired son, her fatherless boy, and said the orphan's God would purrect me. I forgot the pulse of her heart stopped whin father was laid low, an' whin she said, 'Go to sleep, darlint, for ye need it sore,' I slept in her busum, for I was rale tired. Whin I awoke, my forehead was agin something cold. Och! 'twas my mother's neck, an' the hand I held was stiff. She *was dead*? A hard sorrow was grasping her heart, an' it flut-tered like a bird in a light grip, an' at last it got away. Thin I was alone. Thin come the grief an' the heart-trouble entirely. Though I could hardly crawl, I got to the next house, an' brought 'em to see if she was dead all out; for though 'twas plain enough, I wouldn't believe she was gone in airnest, an' thought it might be a wakeness, an' she'd get the better of it. But when all failed, thin, by a dale of coaxing, I got a man to put her beside my father. I think she wouldn't rest aisy anywhere else; an' whin she rises from the grave, she'll see I kept her word. Och! lady, didn't I feel

bitterly whin she was covered up from me, an' I lost the hand that used to stroke down my hair, an' the loving words, and sweet smile? I always stay beside the grave except when hunger, that has no nature in it, dhives me away.

"Those fine bright days don't agree wid me at all. Once I used to like to see the sun dazzling, and the sthrame looking up so good-humoredly at him; but now, every thing seems swimming before my eyes, full up of blinding tears, an' the sky seems laughing at me, an' the trees seem to lift themselves quite grand above me, an' the little birds in 'em seem to be making game of my grief. But sure they have no feeling that way, the crathurs! An' the only thing that gave me any comfort, was this morn-ing, whin I saw a little flower on the grass wid the dew on it. I don't know why, but it seemed sorry for me: it looked like a blue eye full of tears. No one else spoke kindly to me since my mother died but it; for didn't it spake? Yes, it tould me the great God made it, an' sent it there to comfort me; an' to say he'd mind me, the last on the stem. So I thanked him on my knees, though I don't know much about him at all. Thin whin I looked up, I thought of Norah, an' how happy she was; looking down may-be, wid her face covered over with sunshine: an' I felt a sort of gladness; but when I remembered my father an' mother, the pain shot through me agin. For they say they're in *purthagory*, an' must stay there a long time for dying without the *Clargy*. That's what kills me intirely; to think of my poor father, that niver said an ill-word to me, an' my own gentle-timpered, soft-natured mother, that would lift a worm sooner nor thread on it, to be in such burning pain! My head burns whin I think of it. I'd rather live anyway, for I couldn't bear to be there looking at mother suffering; an' I know I wouldn't go to heaven, because I'm not innocent like Norah. If I'd only strength, I'd wear my knees out, praying round the 'Stations' to get 'em out; but that wld niver be, for my heart-strings wor tied round my mother, an' they're pulling me into the grave, for death couldn't loose 'em.

"I was a child afore all the woe hap-pened to me. I don't feel like a child now, though it is not many months since; for, O

lady, *my heart is grown ould*, I didn't break my fast since yesterday; but whin I try to ax for something, the blood comes into my face, an' my tongne won't spake for me.—An' whin I tell my story, 'tis too common a one to be minded, an' they won't belave I'm telling truth; nothing shuts up the heart like famine; it has a cruel and wonderful power, for it puts mother out of my head. Sometimes I'm afeard I'm too weak to get back to the grave. I wouldn't lave it at all, only for fear of the *purgathory*. Lady, your speech is gintle, an' yer eyes are full, like the flower in the grass. Ye say ye will shelter an' feed me. O, if ye could give me back my darling mother! An' ye say she isn't in *purgathory*; bat, may-be, God's good Son took her to himself. Blessings on yer fair head my lady! 'tis kindly meant. O if I could believe *that*! An' ye say I may go *straight* there too? It would raise my head to think so. If ye'll only tache me now, I'll live to sarve ye, I'll go to the world's end to do yer bidding. I'll die to sarve ye; yes, twice over for yersake."

ECHOES OF A MOTHER'S VOICE.

"There was once an obscure and pious woman living in the south of England. History is silent respecting her ancestry, her birth and her education. She had an only son whom she made it her great business to train in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In the seventh year of his age, his mother died, and a few years later, the lad went to sea, and engaged at length as a sailor in the African slave trade. He was soon an adept in vice, and though amongst the youngest of the crew, he was the most proficient in guilt. But his mother's instructions sent their echoes to him and though at first he sought to defend himself from them they grew louder and louder, until, listening to them at last, he became a fervent Christian, a successful preacher, the author of books which the Church will never let die, and the writer of hymns the use of which is co-extensive with our tongue.

This wayward son, whom his mother, though dead, addressed and reclaimed, was the means of the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, so distinguished for his labors in the East Indies; and the "Star of the East,"

a book published by Mr. Buchanan, first called the attention of Mr. Judson to the missionary work, and sent him an apostle to Barmah.

The sailor, turned preacher, was also the means of delivering the Rev. Thomas Scott from the mazes of ruinous error, and of introducing him to the way the truth, and the life. Mr. Scott prepared the Commentary known by his name, and which still continues its mission of converting and sanctifying power.

The influence of this same minister and author, in connection with that of Doddridge, was principally instrumental in making Wilberforce the Christian he was. To Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity," the conversion of Leigh Richmond may be ascribed, and Leigh Richmond wrote "Dairyman's Daughter," and other tracts, which have contributed to the salvation of thousands of souls.—*Rev. P. H. Fowler.*

THE ROYAL BRIDAL COSTUME.

The bridal costume of the Princess Royal was of a rich white *moire antique*; the lace dress of exquisite Honiton guipure, consisting of three flounces, the body being trimmed to match. The veil was of Honiton guipure lace, worn in a style completely novel in England for bridal costumes, attached to the head with Moorish and Spanish pins. The dress and veil were splendidly worked—the emblems being the rose, thistle and shamrock. The latter has employed fifty girls for the last twelve months. The new style of veil was entirely her Majesty's suggestion and the carrying out of the idea, met the approbation of the Queen. The cost of this production was about £690.

THE WEDDING BONNET.

The Princess Royal's wedding bonnet, which she had on upon leaving Buckingham palace for Windsor, was of white tulle, trimmed with lace and bunches of orange blossom outside, with lace quilting inside, and white silk ribands. The size is not very diminutive.

CEREMONY IN THE CHAPEL.

On arriving at the Chapel, the bride was conducted to her seat in the Chapel on the left side of the Haut Pas, leading to the altar, near her Majesty's chair of State, and

his Royal Highness the Prince Consort and his Majesty the King of the Belgians, were conducted to their seats on the Haut Pas, near the bride. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice Chamberlain stood near her Majesty.

As each procession entered the chapel a march was played.

When the bride had taken her place near the altar, a hymn was sung, and the service commenced.

The service was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Lord Bishop of London, Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal; the Bishop of Oxford, Lord High Almoner; the Bishop of Chester, Clerk of the Closet; the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, Domestic Chaplain to the Queen; and the Rev. Dr. Wesley, sub-Dean of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.

The bride was given away by her father, the Prince Consort.

At the conclusion of the service Handel's Hallelujah Chorus was sung, and the Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played as the procession left the chapel.

AFFECTING SCENE IN THE CHAPEL.

After the conclusion of the ceremony the bride gave vent to her feelings, and flung herself upon her mother's bosom, at which a scene took place, in which great emotion was evinced by all concerned.

After the marriage the young couple started for Windsor. On arrival at that place, they were drawn in a carriage to the castle by the Eton boys, amidst enthusiastic cheering.

The Queen, in London, gave a grand State concert at Buckingham Palace, on the evening of the wedding day.

The principal streets in London were brilliantly illuminated in honor of the occasion.

The profusion of wedding gifts showered on the princess royal of England by her royal relatives, casts into the shade anything of the kind known among us plain republicans. There seems to have been no end of bracelets, broaches, necklaces, ear drops and other pieces of jewelry of the most massive and costly patterns, studded with diamonds, pearls, emeralds, rubies, opals and other precious gems, besides a writing-desk, silver candelabra, and a toilet mirror with the frame of massive gold set

with pearls, and the handle composed entirely of one brilliant cairngorm. The most costly gift was that from the bride's grandmother, the venerable Dutchess of Kent, a large and most costly dressing-case, containing sufficient articles to fit out the toilet tables of a dozen ladies of quality, and all of which are of massive silver gilt enriched with bright red coral. Next probably to this in costliness, though infinitely reduced in regard to size, is the gift of the Maharajah Duleep Singh, which is one of the most fairy-like opera-glasses ever used by lady. In a little card box, with a delicate fringe left out to show the pattern, is the gift of his Majesty, the King of the Belgians. It is a Brussels lace dress made expressly for the young bride, and our readers will be best able to judge of its exquisite beauty and carefully elaborated workmanship when we state that it is valued at no less than \$10,000. Conspicuous among the piles of jewelry and plate is a Bible, bound in the most costly and gorgeous style. On the fly-leaf is inscribed:

"The Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society to her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, on the occasion of her marriage, with sincere prayers to Almighty God for her happiness in time and eternity.

SHAFTESBURY,

January, 1858.

President."

Among the articles composing the *Trouseau* of the bride, were some twelve dozen pair of boots, some of which, intended for rough walking, were provided with treble soles and small but projecting nails.

BREAD.

It is said that one of the most wholesome kinds of bread that can be used is made thus, without salt, salaratus, yeast, or rising of any sort:

Take bolted or unbolted flour or meal, thoroughly moisten the whole with pure soft water, scalding hot, that is, about one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, make it up firm, not sticky, then roll and cut into strips, or any other form, not over a quarter of an inch thick, and half an inch broad. Bake quickly in a hot oven, until the dough has acquired a soft, fine, brown color, or until the water has nearly all evaporated.

Editor's Port-Folio.

To some of our readers, especially in those sections where Dr. Beaumont's work has not been extensively circulated, the account of Alexis St. Martin, contained in our last issue, may appear too strange and wonderful for belief. By some, it may be regarded as the product of a fertile imagination, rather than a sober record of veritable facts. We might ourselves, be among the skeptical, if we had no knowledge on the subject, beyond what that article contains. But to us the article was invested with peculiar interest, from the fact that in our girlhood we resided on the same street with Dr. Beaumont, and were on terms of intimacy with his family during the time that he was making his experiments and preparing his work. We saw the veritable Alexis St. Martin daily, for many months, and we know that he is no fictitious character, and that the account taken from the Hartford Times is reliable truth. By the way, if any of our readers overlooked that article, we would advise them to take up the magazine again, and read it carefully. It contains facts from which principles of the highest practical importance may be deduced—principles which if universally carried out in practice, would compel many of that very respectable class of individuals “whose trade is to fatten on other folks’ ills” to abandon their profession, and seek some other occupation for a livelihood.

One very important fact stated in the original article our publisher, either by mistake, or for the sake of condensation, omit-

ted, and it is chiefly for this reason that we again call attention to the subject.

It is found that hot bread made of wheat flour, does not digest at all in the stomach of St. Martin, but after rolling about a long time, and producing a great deal of irritation, and disturbance, it passes off undigested. Now, St. Martin is a strong, healthy man, inured to toil, and remarkably robust, and if his stomach cannot digest warm bread, is it probable that the more delicate organism of women and children, receive it without injury? We believe the two physiological errors most prevalent and most productive of evil among us, are the eating of warm bread and eating at irregular intervals.

A shrewd observer of our manners and customs once said, that by eating our bread hot, we of the South have converted the staff of life into the crutch of death. Another remarked, in reference to the prevalent habit of eating between meals, that we were constantly digging our graves with our teeth. He said he pitied, from the bottom of his heart, the children he saw going about from morning till night with a *piece* in their hands, from which they were continually munching, for he knew it would cloud their intellect, retard their progress in knowledge, and lay the foundation for future physical suffering.

When we say that the stomach is disturbed and weakened in its action, by eating warm bread, or by eating any kind of food at irregular intervals, be it remembered that we are not stating merely a speculative theory, but facts seen by hundreds of eyes, in the case of St. Martin. It is true, strong constitutions may resist, for a long time, the effect of these injuries, but sooner or later the penalty must be paid, for every violation of nature's laws. Sometimes the combined results of these injuries will be developed in one form of dis-

ease and sometimes in another. One of the most immediate effects of impaired digestion, is to weaken the action of the brain. It is impossible to tell how "many a gem of purest ray serene," has had its lustre so obscured by hot biscuit, nuts, candies and the like, that the world has never been able to discover its peculiar brilliancy.

SEWING MACHINES AGAIN.

We received a letter a few days since, post-marked Nashville, and signed, "A Subscriber," on the subject of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. We immediately took the impression that the letter was written by one interested in the *sale* rather than the *purchase* of sewing machines. If this impression is correct, we would say to the author that we have no intention of making the pages of the *Aurora* a medium for the discussion of the comparative merits of different sewing machines.

We regard the sewing machine as the greatest invention of the age, and one destined, more than any other, to benefit the female portion of the community. We believe we should be doing good service to our lady readers if we could induce them to avail themselves of so useful an assistant in the labors of a family, but we have no interest in trying to promote the sale of one kind more than another. We would advise those wishing to purchase, whenever it is practicable, to witness the operation of different machines, and decide for themselves, which would suit them best. We did so—we preferred Wheeler and Wilson's, and have seen no reason as yet, to regret our choice, but we have no motive whatever for desiring to influence the choice of others.

It is possible we have mistaken the au-

thorship of the above letter, and attributed wrong motives to the writer, if so, we would say to the "Subscriber," that if he will write us over his own proper signature, his enquiries shall be respectfully answered, according to the best of our ability.

We are indebted to the Rev. Robt. Priest, of the African Mission, for some very interesting and valuable curiosities from the interior of Africa. These were brought us by the Rev. J. Cason, who was compelled to leave the mission for a while, and return to his native land, on account of the illness of his wife. This interruption of their missionary labor is a severe trial to both, and nothing but a firm belief in the wisdom and goodness of that Being who doeth His pleasure in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth, can reconcile them to it. Mrs. C. is now in this place, under medical treatment by Dr. King, and we sincerely hope, that, by the blessing of God, his skill may avail for her perfect restoration to health, so that they may return to their chosen field of labor, with the prospect of long continued usefulness.

We observe, in cotemporary papers, several very flattering notices of the first No. of the *Aurora*. Our ideas of delicacy forbid that we should republish what is said in our own praise, but we would assure our friends of the press, and others who have written us privately, that we are not insensible to their good opinion, that their kind and encouraging words are fully appreciated, and we shall constantly endeavor to merit the commendation they have so freely bestowed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several very valuable original articles have been received, but too late for the present number. They will appear in due time.

THE STATE CAPITOL.

[See Engraving.]

The edifice of which we present our readers a view in this No. is the pride and glory of the State. Situated on a commanding eminence, it is the first object to attract the admiring gaze of the stranger who visits the City of Rocks. The new Capitol at Washington excepted, it is said to be the finest building in the United States. The most beautiful marble is found in our State, and the finest specimens have been procured to adorn our Capitol. No combustible material has been employed in the construction of the building, it is consequently impervious to fire.

Founded upon a rock, it seems to bid defiance to the raging elements, and to the all-devouring tooth of time. The view of such a structure is well calculated to inspire a feeling of respect for the potentiality of human energy and skill. Strange that a being so frail as man, whom a single breath can destroy, should be able to erect monuments as enduring as the everlasting hills. Generation after generation of human beings, will, in all probability, arise, act their part of life's drama, and pass away to the silence of the tomb, ere the walls of our State Capitol shall crumble in decay.

The architect of the building lies buried in its walls. His last work was to build for himself a tomb as imperishable as the pyramids of Egypt. The place and its surroundings are calculated to raise the minds of legislators above the trickery of party strife, and to awaken a desire to act in view of the best interests of the noble State they represent. May they be guided by heavenly wisdom in all their deliberations, and so wisely conduct the important interests confided to them, that Tennessee will have more reason to be proud of her law-givers than of the stately edifice she

has erected for their accommodation. May they, by their judicious acts, so promote the permanent prosperity and happiness of the State, that they will thereby erect for themselves monuments in the hearts of coming generations, more enduring than the walls which surround them.

Those who now fill our legislative halls, were once moulded by a mother's plastic hand. Those who will hereafter repair thither, are now under the forming power of a mother's influence, and they will be just such men as their mothers make them.

DEAR AURORA:—You informed me of sundry criticisms certain gentlemen passed upon my first letter to young ladies. I have no reply whatever, to make to *their* criticisms. With your permission, I shall continue to chat with the girls after my own fancy; and if gentlemen *will* read letters which were not intended for them, why then, just repeat to them the old proverb, "Listeners hear no good of themselves." Ever yours.

EUGENIA.

UTAH EXPEDITION.

News of a more encouraging character has reached us from the Utah Expedition. On the 1st of December the troops were all in Winter quarters at Fort Bridger, with the exception of Col. Cook's command, which was forty miles from that point, on Henry's Fork. Fort Bridger was being rebuilt, and in the meantime the troops were comfortably situated in tents, with stoves. Good health prevailed, and sufficient provisions were on hand to last until June. But, most important of all, it is stated that the Mormons were making preparations to leave the Territory for the British Possessions, and that pioneer parties had already started. Brigham Young's tone towards the officers of the Expedition seems to have changed, and Col. Johnson, it is said, is so well assured that the Mormons will leave in the Spring, that he now asks no increase in his force.

Book Reviews.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR OR PROGRESS
OF THE SOUL IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF JESUS. BY
REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Graves & Marks Publishers.

It would be presumption in us to suppose that any remarks of ours could add to the interest which will be felt in seeing a work bearing the name of Spurgeon. Our readers are already too familiar with the productions of this wonderful man, to need to be told, that any thing issuing from his pen, is well worthy of their perusal. They will open this book with the expectation of enjoying a rich treat, and they will not be disappointed. That Spurgeon is one of the most remarkable men of the age, cannot be questioned. It is not so much his depth and power of thought which astonish us, as the exceeding fertility of his brain.

His mind seems to be an overflowing fountain, ever sparkling in the sunlight of truth, from which streams of thought and feeling gush forth on every side, without any conscious effort of his own. But after all, the great secret of his success lies in the power of the truth which he utters, and the affectionate earnestness with which he delivers it.

That his own soul is deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, that he has had personal experience of its power to renew and sanctify the heart, is clearly manifested in the work before us. We give a single extract:

"If there were the most remote possibility of rectifying our present errors in a future state of existence, we might have some excuse for superficial or infrequent investigation; this, however, is utterly out of the question, for grace is bounded by the grave. If we be in Christ, all that heaven knows

of unimaginable bliss, of inconceivable glory, of unutterable ecstasy, shall be ours most richly to enjoy; but if death shall find us out of Christ, horrors surpassing thought, terrors beyond the dreamings of despair, and tortures above the guess of misery, must be our doleful, desperate doom. How full of trembling is the thought, that multitudes of fair professors are now in hell: although they, like ourselves, once wore a goodly name, and hoped as others said of them, that they were ripening for glory; whereas they were fattening for the slaughter, and were drugged for execution with the cup of delusion, dreaming all the while that they were drinking the wines on the lees, well refined. Surely, among the damned, there are none more horribly tormented in the flame than those who looked to walk the golden streets, but found themselves cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The higher the pinnacle from which we slip, the more fearful will be our fall; crownless kings, beggared princes, and starving nobles; are the more pitiable because of their former condition of affluence and grandeur: so also will fallen professors have a sad pre-eminence of damnation, from the very fact that they were once esteemed rich and increased in goods. When we consider the vast amount of unsound profession which prevails in this age, and which, like a smooth but shallow sea, doth scarcely conceal the rocks of hypocrisy—when we review the many lamentable falls which have lately occurred among the most eminent in the Church, we would lift up our voice like a trumpet, and with all our might entreat all men to be sure of their grounds of trust, lest it should come to pass that sandy foundations should be discovered when total destruction has rendered it too late for anything but despair."

The January No. of the Commission, published by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention, is before us. It is neat and inviting in its appearance, and filled with information of a highly interesting and important character, concerning our Missionary operations. The names contained in the list of contributors

to this work, would alone be a sufficient guarantee for its excellence and value. Besides contributions from these, it contains several letters of deep and thrilling interest from Missionaries in China and Africa.

We hope every one who feels an interest in the cause of Missions, (and who does not), will subscribe for the Commission and read it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, ART AND POLITICS.

Such is the title of a magazine commenced in Boston in November last, the first four numbers of which have just been received. We have examined the work with considerable care, and we are sorry to find, in some of the articles, an under current of impiety, very clearly perceptible.

There is in the hearts of some of the writers, a deep seated enmity against the christian religion, which is all the more dangerous, from the fact, that it is veiled under a very carefully chosen phraseology.

The serpent of infidelity lies coiled under the flowers of literature, ready to strike his poisonous fangs into the heart of the unconscious victim. It is true the list of contributors contains the names of many writers, whose principles are above suspicion, but we should hesitate to open our doors, even to such writers as Bryant, Longfellow, and Dana if along with them, it is necessary to admit such visitors as Waldo Emerson, and other writers of the same class. That many of the articles possess much literary merit, and are entirely unobjectionable in regard to tendency, we freely admit.

How christian writers can reconcile it to their consciences, to form such literary connections, that the sanction of their names shall procure an entrance for irreligious sentiments into homes and hearts, from which they would otherwise be excluded, is to us a mystery. In speculating upon the causes of so strange an alliance, we are reminded

of the exclamation, of a certain ancient writer, "*Auri sacra fames.*"

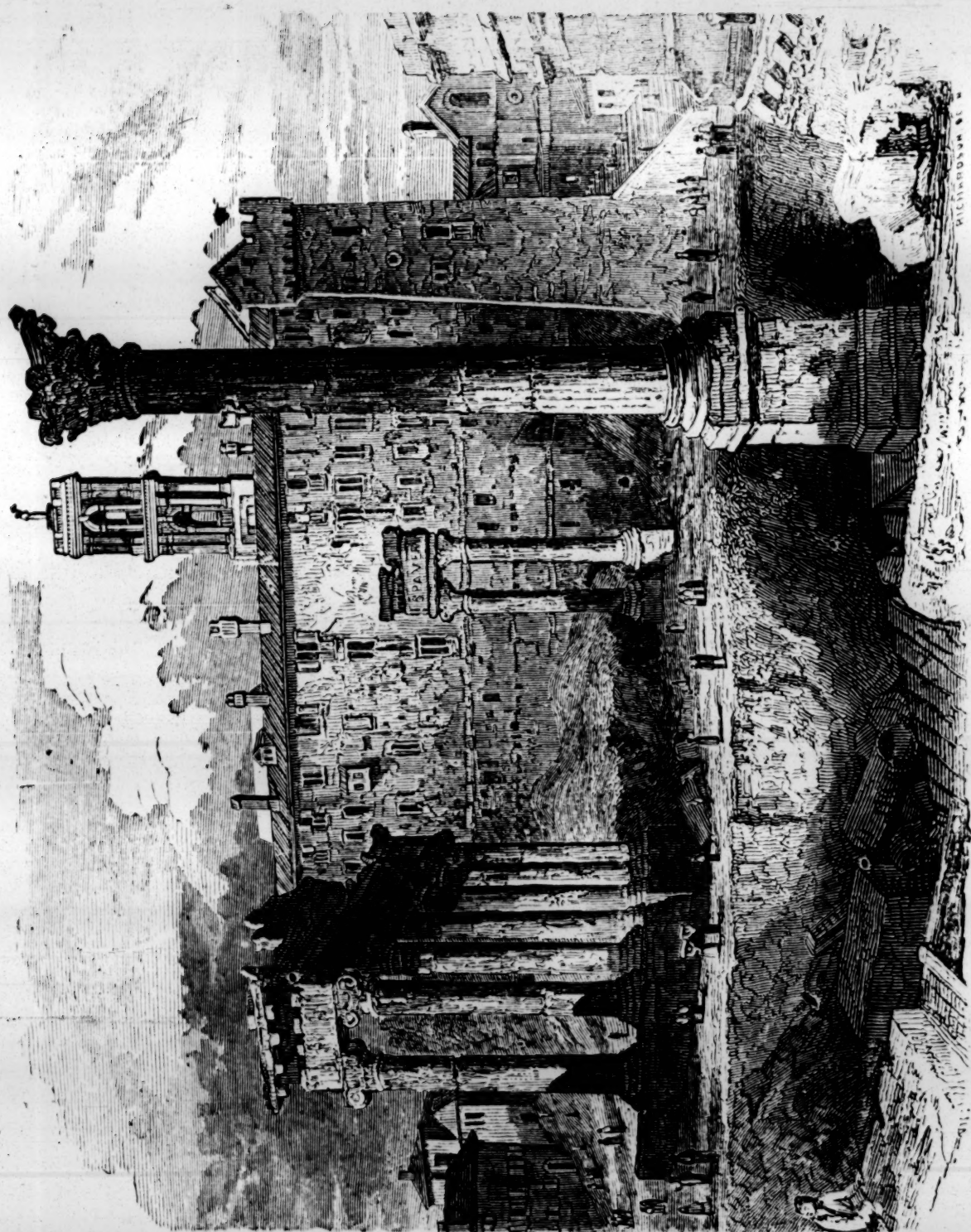
Let us drink the poisoned cup with Socrates, or eat bread saturated with arsenic, if the alternative be presented, rather than partake of that mental aliment which is fraught with death to the soul. Give us the productions of ignorance and stupidity, if expressive of wholesome truth, rather than the elaborately wrought essays of those writers, who would secretly aim to destroy our reverence for divine revelation. If a work admitting such articles can be sustained in our Bible-loving land, we can only say, it is very strange, and very, *very* sad.

THE MOST REASONABLE OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER.

We will send the Aurora monthly, and the South-Western Dollar Weekly, a large family newspaper, to any one address on receipt of \$2.50, or two subscribers, for \$5.00. This is without exception, the most liberal offer ever made, if the high character of the Periodicals be taken into consideration. We shall continue this offer for one month, and hope it will not be permitted to pass unheeded.

We send this number of the Aurora to some who are not subscribers, that they may read and judge of the same before subscribing, but in no case will we send it the second time, unless the subscription is received. Parties receiving this number who do not wish to take the "Aurora," will confer a great favor upon the Publisher by sending it to those of their acquaintances who may be likely to subscribe. A very trifling effort on their part would secure a few subscribers, and thus entitle them to the Magazine at Club rates.

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